

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week

May 3, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

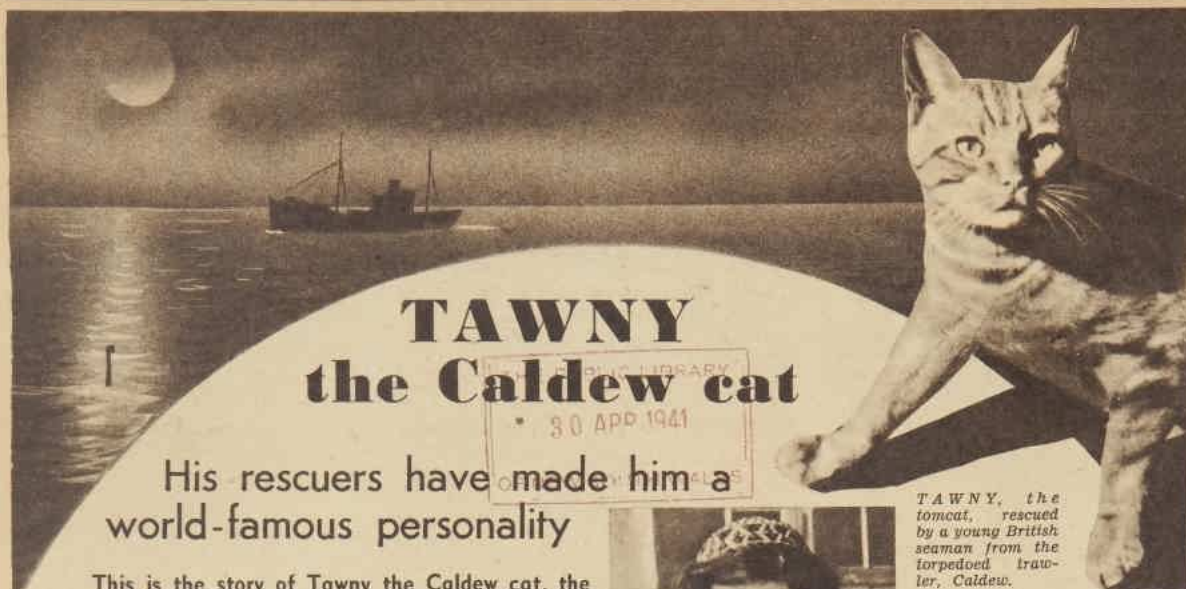
PRICE

3^d



Autumn Girl

Painting by VIRGIL



TAWNY the Caldew cat

His rescuers have made him a world-famous personality

This is the story of Tawny the Caldew cat, the most celebrated cat of Great War II.

Three people helped to make Tawny famous — a young British seaman and two Australian girls in the British Consulate at Gothenburg, Sweden.

Tawny's adventures, which began with the torpedoing of the British trawler Caldew, have been chronicled in a despatch to the Admiralty, in the august London "Times," the New York "Times," in Scottish, American, and Belgian newspapers.

THE "Times" mentioned him in a leading article, a Swedish poet wrote a verse in his honor, and a Swedish cartoonist portrayed him sitting on a copy of the "Times."

And now one of the Australian girls who put him on the road to fame, Miss Elizabeth a'Dare, has returned to Australia with the story.

She and Miss Ilma Barnes, both Australian girls, both actresses, were stranded because of the war in Gothenburg, Sweden. There they started work at the British Consulate.

One day they heard the Consulate's naval adviser, Captain Clover, talking on the trunk line: "Yes, drown the cat," they heard him say. "It's the only thing to do with it."

"Drown a cat! Whose cat?" shrieked the two Australians.

"A torpedoed ship's cat. British," Captain Clover told them.



MISS ELIZABETH a'DARE, Australian girl whose effort saved the life of Tawny, the Caldew cat.

"Well, you certainly can't drown their cat," said the two women. "It costs a lot of money to land a cat in a foreign country," explained Captain Clover.



MISS ILMA BARNES, who with fellow Australian Miss Elizabeth a'Dare appealed to the authorities on behalf of Tawny.

"It doesn't matter. We'll pay for it," they said.

From Captain Clover they learned the story of Tawny. A week before an English trawler, the Caldew, put out to sea in the direction of the Faroe Islands.

While on its way it was overtaken and stopped by a German submarine.

The captain and crew of eleven were given ten minutes to get off the trawler.

One of the crew, a boy of nineteen, sacrificed his personal belongings and made a frenzied search for Tawny, the ship's tomcat.

Then with Tawny in his arms he joined his companions in the lifeboat.

The submarine then blew the trawler to pieces and went off, leaving the crew tossing in the small lifeboat.

A day or two later the men were picked up by the Swedish motor ship Kronprincessen Margareta, which was on its way to Gothenburg.

But the Swedish ship was still outside Swedish territorial waters when she was overtaken by two German destroyers which had orders to stop the Kronprincessen and take the Englishmen aboard as prisoners.

The German destroyers, however, refused the cat. Parted from his English master, Tawny made friends with the Swedish crew.

At Gothenburg there were difficulties. To land a foreign cat in any country is troublesome, because of quarantine regulations.

The Swedish captain accordingly telephoned the Consulate, first to report the story of the English sailors, secondly to ask what to do with the cat.

"It was then that we heard the telephone call," said Miss a'Dare. "Captain Clover warned us of the expense of quarantining and the difficulties of finding a home for the animal."

"But we were determined that a cat who had escaped being torpedoed, a cat for whom his master had risked his life, should not be drowned."

"Much telephoning had to be done! First to the ship, to stop the execution order. Then a long-distance call to the British Legation in Stockholm requesting permission to keep the cat. Then to a veterinary surgeon who visited the ship to certify that Tawny was in good health. Finally to the quarantine station, which sent an officer to collect him."

TAWNY, the tomcat, rescued by a young British seaman from the torpedoed trawler, Caldew.

A telegram was despatched to the British Admiralty to tell of the Caldew's fate. At the end of it was the message, "Ship's cat safe and being cared for by ladies of Consulate."

While Tawny was in quarantine his story was printed in Swedish newspapers, and letters poured in from cat lovers, many people sending contributions. (Incidentally the expenses came to nearly £10).

One letter was addressed, "Fru Barnes, Cat Lady, British Consulate," another to "Chief of Cat Department," a third to "Kind person who saved katt."

Best of all is the following letter brought back by Miss a'Dare.

"I am old Swedish woman. No English can I. My son is a seaman. He speak English like Englishman. He helped write this letter. I red about katt. It is kindly of you to help him. I like them very much. Have 4 self. Such nice animals. I am poor but send 50 ore (about sixpence) 'Plis by fish for it. Katts like fish. The were such nice animals. They are too very good for reumatism. I have it in my back but wen she steps in my back I am very better. Hav you reumatism."

"Yours truly, Hulda Carlsson."

And another: "I had read with pleasure so much that you interest yourself entirely about one poor English cat; he is I think saved three times from a death in the sea."

"I hope so much that I may be allowed to see you dear Miss Barnes, one kroner for to buy this cat some good Swedish milk."

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN ERICSSON."

Miss a'Dare at first hoped to bring the cat home to Australia with her.

But when she set about getting visas for herself to travel via Russia, the Black Sea, Turkey, Syria, Iraq, and India she realised that quarantines in these countries for Tawny would occupy the rest of his life.

So she and Miss Barnes accepted one of the numerous offers of a home for the cat—that of an English racehorse trainer in Sweden, Mr. Herbert Brown.

With Mr. and Mrs. Brown, two spaniels, and the racehorses, Tawny nowadays travels from one end of Sweden to the other.

Twice he has been kicked by racehorses—because of his habit of jumping on their backs when they are being groomed—and twice saved by the care of the vet.

That accounts so far for five of his nine lives.

His original rescuer, the young seaman, now in an internment camp in Germany, hears regular news of him from Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Captain Clover became so interested in the animal that he devoted a special file to him in the Consulate records. This, including clippings, statement of receipts and expenditure, and letters, has been brought to Australia by Miss a'Dare.

It is labelled "Le Chat Fidele"—the faithful cat—although, as the Stockholm correspondent of the "Times" said, "faithful seemed more a description of the letter-writers than the object of their solicitude."

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



CAPTAIN H. M. L. WALLER

Commander of Stuart
COMMANDER of H.M.A.S. Stuart, which has won such glory in the eastern Mediterranean. Capt. H. M. L. Waller was brought up on his father's property at Benalla, Victoria, but always wanted to go to sea.

At seventeen he served in the last war, in H.M.S. Agincourt. Last June he was elevated to rank of captain. Won D.S.O. last September for conspicuous service in three actions.



MISS ALIX HAGEN

Delighted with post
SECRETARY to Mr. K. de G. McVittie, new American Consul to New Caledonia, is Miss Alix Hagen, of Noumea, formerly secretary to the French Trade Commissioner in Sydney.

The consulate is the first established by the United States in a Free French colony. "It will bring increased co-operation and trade between the colony and America, and that is why I am so happy to be working in it," says Miss Hagen.



MR. ANTON BAKKER

in charge of Dutch shipping
FORMERLY general manager in Sydney of the Royal Packet Navigation Company and the Royal Netherlands Indies Airways. Mr. Anton Bakker is taking up an executive position with the Netherlands Shipping Committee, London, which is the custodian of all Dutch vessels escaped from German control.

Mr. Bakker was recently decorated with the Order of the House of Orange Nassau, an honor equivalent to a British knighthood.

Make this story your own

Born with every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love story of her own. Breath-taking beauty is not so important as to know how to fascinate and appear well-groomed with, above all, an attractive skin. Fortunately there is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to bring her complexion to perfection. Only in the heart of a rose will you match such velvet softness. Only in the depths of a garden at close of day will you find a fragrance so delicate and appealing...

ERASMIC face powder

RACHEL, PEACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND NATURAL

She'd never forget this night. The shining beauty of the garden... the soft twinkling of the fountain which seemed to echo his words: "I love you..."

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING AND COLD), 1/1 TUBE

E.9.27



"Tell me why you hate the idea of marriage," Bob said quietly.

WEEK-END WITH THE FAMILY

By...

AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

Illustrated by GREEN

THEY had stood that Sunday last May on the little wooded hill at the back of Bess Frontenay's country place, where they were both week-end guests, and faced each other trembling.

At least Bob remembered he was trembling and surely that quick, uncertain breath she drew and the way her hands fluttered from his grasp and moved nervously about showed that she, too, was shaken and moved by this that had come upon them.

Bob Harrold was a young lawyer with a fast growing New York practice. He had met Laurie Russell at one of the few big parties he had ever attended in the city since for the most part his work absorbed him. He had asked to call, taken her once to dinner, once to tea, once to the theatre, each time feeling the hand of destiny upon him. Then, upon discovering that she was also to be a guest, he had accepted Bess Frontenay's invitation to the country though as a rule he hated week-end.

With this brief friendship history behind them, he had stood upon the hilltop that Sunday afternoon with the spring sweeping in all about them, and asked her to marry him. Laurie had looked up at him with clear grey eyes full of a strange fright.

"How can you say such a thing to me—in earnest? We scarcely know each other."

"I loved you that first night I met you. I've loved you every breath I've drawn since. I'm dead sure of myself and life's too short at best. Why should I wait months before telling you?"

"And why speak of marriage the

moment you do tell me?" Her voice was too hard for the young beauty of her face.

"I hate the very word 'marriage,'" she said abruptly in the same hard voice and walked away a little beside the dogwood trees. He followed her, puzzled and anxious.

"Sit down," he said quietly. "We've got a lot to talk over. You've been hurt somehow. Tell me why you hate the idea of marriage. To me it's the greatest thing in the world."

"I'll tell you," she said, "and then maybe you'll feel the way I do about it. My mother was married first when she was nineteen and divorced when she was twenty-three. She married my father the next year and they were divorced when I was nine. She's married now (if you can still call it marriage) to Henry and I think that's going to blow up soon!"

"Poor child! Of course I didn't know all that! But even so—"

Her voice broke. "You don't know our crowd! Just last Wednesday I was Hilda Van Horn's bridesmaid. It was the loveliest wedding! It made something catch in my throat, it was all so beautiful with the music and the flowers and the candles lighted—and the words themselves, the vows that sound so . . . so sort of eternal. And what do you suppose was the game at the reception? Betting how long Hilda and Jack would stay together!"

"But look," Bob said eagerly. "The trouble is you've just seen the wrong picture! You've just happened on an extreme, an abnormal kind of life. That's all. There's really—"

She waved aside the argument.

"Don't try to preach that to me. I'm not talking about isolated cases.

I've known too many. There's just something wrong about the whole marriage idea. It doesn't work in our present society. It's an out-grown institution. And I won't marry you, Bob, even though I . . . Even if I loved you I wouldn't drag that love through the disillusionment of marriage. Please don't ask me again, for I can't. Now or ever."

There was a strength of finality in her voice that froze the smile on Bob's lips and made them go white.

FOR several minutes they had sat on in silence while the spring breeze fanned their troubled faces. Then Bob spoke slowly.

"My life's been so different from yours. My father and mother have been married thirty-four years. Up in our town people just seem to stay married."

"But it's just the slow disintegration of love," the girl broke in. "Maybe the sharp cleavage earlier is better after all. I can't imagine celebrating a thirty-fourth anniversary myself." She sighed.

"But Father and Mother do," Bob smiled, "always. Father usually forgets the date and Mother reminds him and then they do some little thing together; maybe it's only the movies, but Mother dresses up and—"

He began to laugh, his voice changing suddenly from its strained tone. "Last year we teased them about it. Mother had been trying to reduce and to make Father diet too, so when the night came to celebrate they went to the soda fountain and had two banana sundaes apiece! We found out next day for Mother had

one of her headaches

and Father—"

He stopped. His tone had become again deadly serious. "I didn't mean to speak of foolish, insignificant things like that. I just happened to think of it. What I want to tell you is that their love for each other is so beautiful! If I could only make you see! Our home has been such a wonderful place! I've always felt I wanted some day to have one just like it when I married. Father and Mother are—well, you see in their case love and marriage have both lasted. They feel just the same now, I'm sure, as they did thirty-four years ago. If I could only—"

Suddenly he caught her hands. "I've got an idea!" he said. "Don't say no, Laurie, till you've heard me out. You let drop one little word a while ago that gives me hope that you do really care for me. There's been something deep between us from the very first moment. You can't deny that! As for me, your final answer is like life or death! I've got to convince you you're wrong about marriage. I've got to! Now here's my plan."

His face was so eager, his eyes so ablaze with his feeling that Laurie turned her own aside that she might not be betrayed by a sudden weakness.

"I want you to come and spend a week-end at my home. I'll get Mother to write you and your mother both. I have a kid sister just through high school who will adore you. It will all be perfectly simple and correct. Only come, Laurie. Please do this one thing for me. I beg of you!"

She sat silent, turning the idea over in her mind.

"I won't bring you there under false pretences. I'll just say we're friends and you've never known a little town and I want you to see ours. They'll be so glad to have you. Then when you're there you'll see what I mean. It'll be better than all my arguments. Laurie, won't you come?"

She found she could not deny him. It was settled at last that she would reach Crossville on Saturday. She would stop on her way down from a visit to her aunt in Boston. Bob would be at the train to meet her.

At five o'clock on Saturday afternoon Bob Harrold stepped out of the room that had been his since he was a small boy, clad in white linen and a red tie which he had retired four times. He was happy but he was nervous also, as a gambler is who has staked his all on one throw. But he felt somehow that he could not lose.

He had recklessly left the city and some important work on Thursday night in order to be at home all day Friday. The old place certainly looked nice. It was a big much-begabed frame house in a wide lawn with plenty of rosebushes and shrubs in bloom just now. The family had all been wonderful about the visit, just as he knew they would be. Mother was busy now in the kitchen with Lena-May, the girl she always had in to help her with extra work, and Joan, his young sister, was arranging the flowers in the dining-room.

He did not know of course that the family were entirely undecided by his attempt at casualness. With the usual clairvoyance of near relatives they understood the situation perfectly.

"Well," his mother had said the night before from the depths of the old walnut double bed where she and Father had reposed all through the years, "well, it seems it's come at last. It's queer, though, he doesn't come straight out with it and tell us the whole thing. It's not Bob's way to be so close-mouthed. She'd hardly be coming up here unless it was all settled between them."

Pls. turn to page 36

KITTY FOYLE

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Another instalment
of our famous
best-seller serial

Illustrated by
JOHN SANTRY



Wyn would bend over so close while he was dictating that I'd get flurried.

Who's Who in the story:

KITTY herself. She tells of her life from early childhood when she kept house in their humble Philadelphia home for POP, her adored father, and MAC, her brother, with the help of MYRTLE, the faithful colored servant. Because her deep love keeps him always in her thoughts, Kitty constantly refers to

WYNNEWOOD STRAFFORD ("Wyn"), son and heir of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families, even before she tells of her first meeting with him, when he visited her father, collecting reminiscences for a history of Philadelphia cricket. As a young girl Kitty goes to Illinois to stay with

UNCLE ELMER and AUNT HATTIE. They send her to High School, where she forms a lifelong friendship with

MOLLY SCHARF, and the two girls are about to enter college when news comes that Pop has had a stroke. Hurrying back home to him, Kitty makes friends on the train with

DELPHINE DETAILLE, clever French beauty expert. On arrival home she gives up all idea of going to college, and settles down to looking after Pop. Realising also that she may soon be thrown on her own resources, she studies at a local business college.

Now read on:

Childhood's days are over for Kitty! She joins the vast army of smart city business girls.

THAT spring Pop was so much better that he'd almost forgotten how ill he was, though I hadn't. I remember the hot afternoon I was doing speed practice on the typewriter, amusing myself to see how quickly I could make the little rings on the bell come after each other. I heard a hammering at the bottom of the stairs. It was Pop thumping with his cane.

"Katherine!" he bawled. "Katherine!"

I was scared, for he didn't call

me that once a year. I thought maybe he was taken sick again, and ran out on the landing. He looked up with his beard bristling.

"Katherine, are you deaf?"

"I'm sorry, Pop. I was working. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. I want to know how you spell Katherine."

"The regular way. What's the idea?"

"Somebody wants to know."

Of course it seems ridiculous to me now, but while I was at Manitou I flirted with the idea of spelling my name Kathryn. Pop and Mac had been kidding me about it and finding so many Kathryns and Cathryns at the business school cured me. I wondered why Pop was bringing it up now.

"Who wants to know?" I asked, but he had gone back to the Front Room. I looked out the window and saw a weather-stained old station wagon, and painted on the side of it in small green letters Darby Mill, Old St. David's. In the car were some big piles of shingles baled up with wire. Pop had been saying for I don't know how long that we must get new shingles for the roof. It leaked so bad. I supposed he ordered some without telling me, and ran downstairs just to see he wasn't getting cheated.

"Is that the man for the roof?" I said as I went into the room. Pop cackled with laughter and the visitor rose politely. I could feel my pure and eloquent blood doing its stuff. It was Wyn.

"It's Wyn Strafford again," said Pop. "He didn't want to interrupt your work, but he heard the paces you go on that machine and he wondered if you'd like to type the cricket book."

"I was going to write you a letter," said Wyn. He was a little pink himself, but he's always so beautifully bronze you'd scarcely notice it. "You sounded so busy I didn't like to bother you, but I wanted to spell your name right."

"K-I-T-T-Y usually works," I said; then I felt worse still; it sounded as though I were being too familiar. I got out into the kitchen to make them some iced tea while they went over their cricket dope. By good luck I'd brought home some cinnamon buns not long before.

"I really came round to apologise

for helping to burn up your waste basket," Wyn said. "But when I heard that typewriter going I couldn't help asking about it. Gosh, Miss Foyle, we haven't anybody down at the bank who can make the keys move like that."

I suppose somebody must have called me "Miss Foyle" before that, the registrar at Prairie College maybe, or the Dean of Women; but it never struck in before.

I went the three steps of decency with him myself when he left, as Pop didn't get off the porch much. Oh Wyn, my sweet, how adorable you were in those old grey pants and the soft shirt and the cricket-club blazer. But I didn't guess it then. I only thought, "My hat, does he work at a bank in that outfit?" Darby Mill, Old St. David's, meant nothing to me. How could I guess how much swank there is in that intentional shabbiness. He was so serious about his big portfolio of cricket stuff and the chapters he had already written.

I GUESS I'm not a very good writer," he said, breaking in on my thoughts about his shabbiness, "but the cricket people won't know the difference."

I could see he wasn't a very good speller either, but I didn't say so. I don't know anything that makes you feel more maternal and lovely towards a man than correcting his spelling for him. He was trying to say something about what rate should he pay for getting the stuff typed, but he simply couldn't get it out. I was embarrassed, too, because this was my very first paid job of any sort. And Pop kept talking to us from the porch.

"Don't forget that century Marrow-bone in '96," he shouted. I know now it's not Marrowbone, it's Marylebone, but that's the way I heard it.

"I tell you," Wyn said, "I better not leave these chapters with you now. I've got to read 'em over and get in some more dope your father has given me. I'll send them back to you and meantime you can think it over. I guess I better go now. I've got to get these shingles out to the farm, we're mending the kennels."

Please turn to page 39

ESCAPE TOWER

Gripping drama of a submarine officer face to face with his deadliest fear.

By Allan R. Bosworth



"I've decided to go with Paul on the Lurline," Allyne told her husband, telephoning from the docks.

WHEN you are a fighting man by profession, and discover that you are deathly afraid of something—something you may have to live with, day after day—there is only one thing you can do. That is to make your legs carry you out to face the thing you fear; to meet it under circumstances allowing no retreat. If it kills you then, you die with honor. And a professional fighting man can ask no better way to die.

So Lieutenant Bart Forrest stripped and pulled on a pair of swimming trunks, and the navy doctor pressed the cold disc of the stethoscope against his chest. There was a tumult in the lieutenant's heart, which went far beyond fear. He hated himself for trembling.

"All right," the doctor said at length. He stood back and eyed Bart Forrest suspiciously. "Your respiratory passages are clear, but your pulse rate is fast, and a little irregular. Heart bothered you at all lately, lieutenant?"

Bart Forrest said no, because medical science doesn't recognise what is known as a broken heart.

"Been running?"

"I was in a hurry to get over here," the lieutenant lied. "No use their having to put two groups through the escape tank."

The junior grade lieutenant in charge of instruction at the tank—commonly known as the "Jaygee"—poked his head into the examining room. "Ready to go when you are ready, sir," he said. Bart nodded. He was as ready now as he ever would be.

They went outside. The sky was warm and blue over Pearl Harbor; the submarine escape tower thrust up into it, a hundred and twenty-five foot steel cylinder with its spiral outside stair and glassed-in observation platform at the top. Alongside, the square concrete height of the elevator shaft reared, but nobody went to the elevator. Nobody was going up that way.

They were going up through a hundred feet of water, like monkeys on a string. The same way you went up a buoy line from the hatch of a sunken submarine—if you were lucky. Under the same pressure. That terrible, relentless pressure which forced in your ear drums and throttled your throat.

Bart Forrest had been lucky once, although there were times since when he wished he hadn't been. He tried not to notice the bright sky, because it was infinite, and because the contrast would only be more terrible in another minute when the bulkheads shut everything out, and the pressure grew, and it would be just like being released from a submarine a hundred feet down.

"Lieutenant Forrest!" It was the

doctor, shouting from the door: "Telephone for you!"

He loosened his jaw muscles with difficulty. "Thank you, doctor, I'm sorry," he told the "Jaygee." "Won't be a minute."

It couldn't be Allyne, he thought, because she'd go down to the docks to see Paul Tierney sail on the Lurline. He remembered that tomorrow Tierney would be gone. And so perhaps would the fear be gone, and there'd be a chance for him to start all over again—

But it was Allyne. Her voice was strained. It reminded him of a voice under pressure: "I've decided to go with Paul on the Lurline, Bart. I—I couldn't go without saying good-bye."

The tumult in his heart grew and concentrated into one dull, throbbing pain. He wondered what the doctor would think if he were listening through the stethoscope now. He wanted to hurt her, but she had left him no way, no weapon. "That's really very white of you, Allyne," he said. "Good-bye, then."

"But, Bart—" he fancied there was a catch in her voice. Just emotion. Nothing a man could pin hopes on—"but you're off duty now. You could come to the dock and say it."

He had a picture of himself doing this. Watching his wife board the Lurline with Tierney—wealthy, and suave, and, to give the devil his due, very kind. Watching her shove off for San Francisco, and Reno.

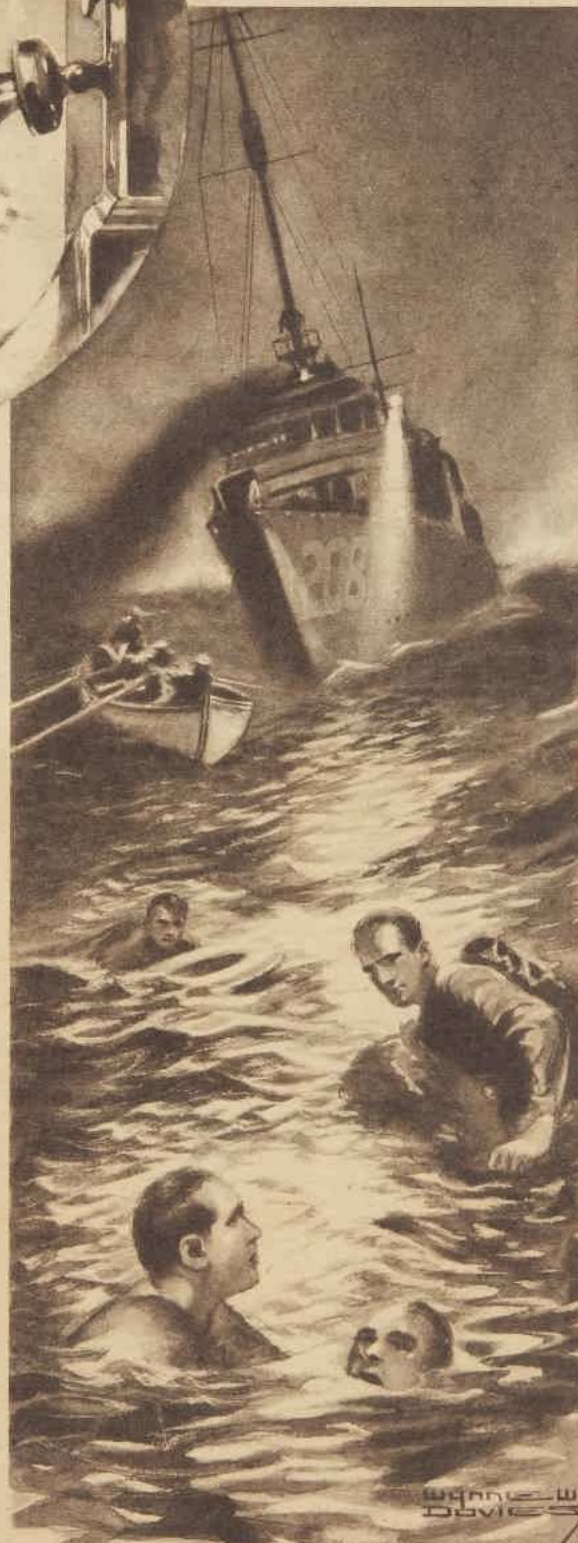
"I'm off duty, yes," he said. The operator at the base had switched the call to the tower without telling Allyne. "But I'm not at the base. I'm at the escape tower, now." With a bit of bright, defiant pride, he added: "I'm going through, and they're waiting on me. Good-bye."

She was still on the wire when he slammed the receiver bitterly against the hook.

He hurried along the cement walk that was warm to his bare feet, and into the low building that housed the "iron doctor." The "Jaygee" and four other men already were inside. It was very much like a compartment on a submarine. Too much like a compartment on a submarine. When the door was shut and dogged down airtight, claustrophobia crowded against Bart Forrest with a physical force that drove the nails into his palms.

Compressed air began hissing into the chamber. A voice that was strained and a little high said: "Skipper! How are you, Captain?" and the lieutenant remembered the last time he had heard the voice. Under pressure—high-pitched with terror, oddly-flattened and distorted. A hundred and fifty feet down.

He turned and forced a smile as



The relief had been almost painful when Bart finally broke the surface in the glare of searchlights.

he thrust out his hand. De Maris still wasn't a day over seventeen. A frail-looking lad with dark curls clustered on his forehead, with a thin face and wide, haunted eyes. He had been a seaman on the S-231—when there was an S-231.

"Glad to see you again, De Maris." His own voice was strange; his ears went "kaloomph," and the pressure against them equalled for a moment.

The boy's palm was clammy. They sat down together on the bench, and

De Maris was trembling, too. "Are you going to get another pigboat, sir?" he asked. "I'm making the escape to keep qualified for the pigboats, sir. If you get another one, I'd like to do duty under you again, Captain."

Bart Forrest felt like a mechanical man in this chamber of steel where the pressure grew and the heat with it. He could sweat, now, with a valid excuse for sweating. He knew that his smile was mechanical, too. De Maris was lying. De Maris hated

the pigboats and was afraid—just as Bart Forrest was afraid. But he was ashamed, too, because he was supposed to be a fighting man, and he had cracked on the S-231.

The lieutenant understood. Fear had taunted De Maris, driven him on until he turned, finally, to face it. He knew an odd feeling of strength because someone younger, weaker, was with him in this test.

He shook his head. "Thank you, De Maris. But I doubt that I'll be given another submarine."

The pressure dial registered twenty-six pounds. Bart Forrest swallowed to make his ears kaloomph again. De Maris was looking at him with a strange expression. Everybody in the Navy knows that once a pigboat man, always a pigboat man.

Forrest wanted to shut his eyes, because the white bulkheads seemed to be contracting, squeezing the humanity within them into a little, strangling knot. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and blotted out his vision for a few seconds, but it was no better. The pressure was there; it was something you couldn't see.

The "Jaygee" twisted a valve wider, and now the incoming air roared, and the dial said thirty-eight pounds. Forrest, trying to shut the thought of Allyne from his mind, told himself this was nothing. This compared only to eighty feet of sea depth. A diver could go two hundred feet without discomfort, so long as he didn't come up too quickly—

The little cry of pain from De Maris jerked him around as if it had had physical force. The "Jaygee" closed the valve and left the pressure at forty pounds. De Maris was holding both hands over his ears; his thin face was twisted.

The other three men who were going to simulate an escape from a sunken submarine were old-timers, sitting calmly, stolidly. The "Jaygee" stepped to the boy's side. "Only four pounds to go, son!" he said kindly. "It's that little cold the doctor said you have. Swallow—hard. Clear your ears."

De Maris gulped, and his face contorted. Then it relaxed a little. He lifted one hand. "All right, sir," he said thickly. "I can—I can take it!"

FOUR pounds to go. The "Jaygee" opened the valve without taking his eyes from De Maris' face. The air roared again. Sweat rolled down Bart Forrest's face and stung his eyes. The needle hit forty-four, and the "Jaygee" shut off the roaring.

"This is the pressure encountered at one hundred feet," he said. "We will let the air out, now, and open the water valve." He drummed his knuckles against the vertical steel pipe, almost a yard in diameter, that dropped from the overhead. "After the water has built up pressure in this chamber corresponding to the pressure of the water in the escape tower, the hatch in this pipe can be opened. You have all received instruction in the use of the Momsen lungs. We'll let the water in now."

The air rumbled out slowly, and the needle swung left on the dial. Bart Forrest was thinking of a ship's white side, gay with streamers, streaming down to the dock. Of hands playing "Aloha." Faces above the rail. Allyne's face, piquant, lovely. A little white and tense, too, as it must have been during those six hours last July, when all the world knew the S-231 was on the bottom off Barber's Point. And Paul Tierney there beside her, smiling because he had won—

Water came in. It was cool. It rose in a circle over Bart Forrest's feet. The "Jaygee" leaned over and handed him a Momsen lung, the oxygen and soda-lime device which looks like a gas mask. Mechanically, Bart strapped it around his waist. The water rose higher, with a swish and a rumble. Pressure grew again.

Please turn to page 10

Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

Honors Easy

by

**F. TENNYSON
JESSE**

THE yacht *Columbia* was a lovely vessel with a clipper bow and a lot of gingerbread work, and all her brass glittered so that it reflected the Eastern Mediterranean sun like a series of constellations. She belonged to the great tintack millionaire, who could afford not only gingerbread work and brass and polish, but the men to keep the whole outfit clean and sweet.

She steamed slowly up one of those great rocky inlets which local fishermen know so well and cruise captains also know, but which otherwise, fortunately for themselves, have so far been fairly unimportant in the history of map-making.

Columbia's master dropped the pick in a deep, almost land-locked harbor, where the jade-green water seemed to go down for ever and the granite cliffs rose up sheer on either side.

Just ahead, as *Columbia* swung to her anchor, was the little town. She could, of course, have lain alongside the jetty, but her owner, Mr. James B. Mullins, whose tintack fame reverberated all over the globe, disliked tying up to a wharf. He was afraid of rats, even though the mooring-ropes were fitted with cones, and, like many millionaires, he hated the sound of a footfall. He preferred to lie out in a roadstead and use his pinnace.

On a beautiful morning in mid-October, when New York, usually so lovely in that month, was swept by early gales, and London was a drizzling mud-heap, Mr. Mullins and his doctor, Cyrus Jackson, without whom he never ventured anywhere, put off in the pinnace and landed in the harbor of Gavnaki.

Mr. Mullins was not disagreeably surprised—in fact, he was not surprised at all—to see that the advent of his lovely yacht, white and gold and glittering, the *Stars and Stripes* flying in the clear sunny air, was an exciting event for the inhabitants of the tiny capital of this tiny kingdom. Mr. Mullins was accustomed to excitement whenever he set foot on shore.

He thrust his way along the quay, hands in the pockets of his dark blue coat, his black-and-white shoes picking their way delicately over mooring ropes and lumps of dirt, towards the town, and Cyrus Jackson went beside him.

Behind followed the steward and the second steward carrying large baskets. Pratique had, of course, been granted at once. Everyone knew who Mr. Mullins was. And it was, he liked to think, a touching and simple trait in his character that he himself superintended the buying of provisions in whatever local market he found himself.

On this day he poked despondent octopuses with the end of his walking-stick and singled out large crayfish who stared at him malevolently with their eyes bolting from their heads and their elbows all thrust upwards as they moved uneasily back and forth on the slabs of the fish market. Mr. Mullins never ate octopuses, and he did not know a crayfish from a lobster, but he went on the sound principle that the biggest was always the best and pointed his stick accordingly.

The ritual of the fish market being finished, the steward and the assistant steward, who knew not only their crayfish but their onions, fell back and devoted themselves to the serious business of the day, such as buying the meat, bread and greens, and Mr. Mullins and Doctor Cyrus



"I bestow upon you the Order of Hygiene," said the King, pompously.

Illustrated by WEP

Jackson were free to wander about the old town.

Gavnaki is a very grave and reverend town with streets that look as though they had been hewn out of the cliffs, so sober, so granite faced and so solid are the houses. Only when, with the assurance that millions of dollars gave him, Mr. Mullins walked through wrought-iron gateways and into a courtyard or so, did he see quite how lovely all these houses were: fountains played, orange trees carried their golden globes proudly, beautiful archways with coats of arms hundreds of years old carved over them led into doorways on either side.

It is true that the owners of these houses were apt to come forth with some slight degree of surprise, even of indignation, but Mr. Mullins just said: "Aw, forget it," and walked on.

At last he and Doctor Jackson, having walked with rather red faces out of one of these courtyards where a very tall gentleman bowed and, speaking to them in perfect English, explained that the house was private property, and that he was accustomed to inviting those people whom he wished to see, found themselves once again in the street, this

time a broad street paved with blocks of stone as solid as the houses.

In front of them was a pair of wrought-iron gates finer than any they had yet seen. Perhaps Mr. Mullins wished to show Doctor Jackson that the gentleman of Gavnaki whom they had just met had not succeeded in intimidating him, or perhaps he was moved merely by the pure curiosity of the tourist, but he rattled on these gates and tried to open them.

Things began to happen then, rather fast. Little soldiers in uniform jumped out, all talking the odd and quite unnecessary and fantastic

moustaches were longer), spoke to him in French and German, neither of which languages did Mr. Mullins understand. The officer then addressed him in English, though heavily accented English.

Doctor Jackson touched Mr. Mullins on the elbow. He said rather dryly: "Think you'd better listen. You have tried to gate crash the palace."

"What palace?" demanded Mr. Mullins indignantly.

"The King's palace," said Doctor Jackson.

"The King? Do you mean to say they've got a King in this one-horse place?"

"Quite a good King, so I've gathered. Quite an old fellow, too. Anyway, they don't like us walking in."

Mr. Mullins turned to the officer. "Say," he said, "we don't mean any harm. I'm Mullins. The Mullins. The millionaire. That's my yacht lying out there. I'm an American citizen, and this is my doctor, Doctor Jackson."

The officer, who had just been going to break into angry speech, stopped short.

"Did you say doctor?"

"I should say I did," said Mr. Mullins. "He's the best doctor in the

whole of New York City. I never go anywhere without him!"

The officer's manner changed. He gave a sharp order to the soldiers who fell back, and taking Mr. Mullins' gold-headed cane from the soldier who had snatched it from him he restored it to its owner with a deep bow.

"Will you please come in here?" he said. "And the so-called doctor?"

Doctor Jackson again nudged Mr. Mullins' elbow, and the two followed the officer into a guardroom, a plain, white-washed room with a desk and a few chairs.

"You say," said the officer, speaking slowly, "you are an American. You are rich, yes? And this is your doctor? He is a good doctor?"

"I'm telling you," said Mr. Mullins, his face beginning to go purple again, "that I'm the Mullins, and that that's my yacht and that this is the best doctor in New York City, that's why I've got him."

The officer brushed Mr. Mullins aside as though he were extraordinarily unimportant and turned to Cyrus Jackson.

"Doctor?" he said "will you come with me and see the King?"

Please turn to page 34

Humorous short story

language which the people of those parts seemed to get along with quite well.

The soldiers closed round Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson in an unpleasant manner, and while Mr. Mullins' round red face more suffused with blood than usual, waved his stick in an effort to clear the path in front of him, he found his stick taken away from him, and a fellow who was evidently an officer (he had more gold lace on his dingy uniform than the others, and his

"They treat us like film stars" says A.I.F. matron in Malaya



MORNING TEA with Matron Pascke and nurses in their attractive palm messroom somewhere in Malaya.

—The Australian Women's Weekly photograph.

Orchids and presents from warm-hearted residents

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH, who is touring A.I.F. camps in Malaya

The people of Malaya cannot do enough for the Australian nurses. Off duty could be a whirl of gaiety were the girls not too interested in their work and in sightseeing.

"Some days we feel like film stars," said Matron Pascke. "The local residents send us huge baskets of orchids, presents of fruit, and invitations to their homes or clubs."

I RESERVED the last day of my tour of the A.I.F. in Malaya for a visit to the Australian nurses. It was a splendid final flourish, as the matron, sisters, nurses and staff treated us royally.

There were the same hospitality and eagerness to see someone from home which have been a feature of this tour.

Matron Pascke and all the sisters and nurses who were not on duty

or could be spared from the wards came into their attractive messroom for morning tea.

They all looked extremely well and crisp in their grey cotton uniforms with red cotton capes. Like the men of the A.I.F. the nurses look wonderfully fit and have become used to the heat of the tropics.

One sister said, "Nursing makes one a realist. I used to think the glamor of the tropics was a lot of 'hokey,' but the color of this country gets you."

"We are all so touched by the

kindness of the people and the warm welcome they gave us.

"We have had quite a number of patients in the hospital but are not yet working at full pace, so we have been able to arrange generous time off.

"Some of us are playing golf, and whenever transport is available a party of us goes to the swimming club. Others play tennis. We are feeling very proud because an A.I.F. sister, partnered by one of our officers, won the club tennis tournament."

One of the nurses told me of the journey to the hospital.

"We left Singapore in the evening and were handed our first army ration — two doorstep sandwiches and an apple. We were glad to eat the doorsteps, though, before the night was very old," she said.

"We arrived at the hospital very early in the morning while it was still dark. It all seemed so strange.

"Our amahs were all lined up to welcome us. They spoke no English and of course we couldn't speak Malay."

"However, we all laughed and smiled a lot, and though we couldn't understand a word of what they said we were all firm friends immediately."

"Our bedding was ready in our rooms, and we made up our beds and had a few hours' sleep before exploring our new home."

The nurses' quarters are plain but comfortable. Some have rooms to themselves, others share in groups up to four. They are furnished with a metal bed, table, easy chair and small wardrobe. Some of the rooms look out through wide windows on marvellous views of deep green and blue hills. On every table there are framed family photographs and photographs of boy friends.

A.R.P. training

IN each room the nurse's battle dress—tin hat, respirator, and small knapsack—stands ready for any emergency. The nursing staff had a week of intense A.R.P. and other war emergency training soon after they arrived in Malaya.

The nurses' mess is a lofty attic palm-thatched hut built in the shade of two wings of the hospital.

Their dining-room is at one end and their recreation lounge at the other.

"The Red Cross has been very good to us, both to the nurses and the patients," said Matron Pascke.

"They supplied us with material for curtains and a sewing-machine, gramophone and records, and books."

"Local residents have entertained us most generously."

I was the first Australian woman

the nurses have seen here, so we

had a fine old girls' chat.

They told me about their visits

to rubber plantations, and where to

shop for souvenirs, how to stop my make-up sliding off in the heat, and in exchange I told them all the gossip I could think of from home.

We went on a tour of the wards and met the convalescent patients. The wards run the full length and breadth of the building. The outside walls are made entirely of glass and wood venetian shutters, allowing a maximum of ventilation.

The Red Cross has equipped a recreation centre in the convalescent ward, where the men can play various table games.

The Red Cross Commissioner, Basil Burdett, showed us round his store, which is packed to the ceiling with packing-cases filled with luxury tinned foods, books, sports equipment, and medical supplies.

"MANY of the boys over here are putting on weight," a doctor told me. He said there was very little illness and not much work for the A.I.F. hospital.

"We are watching them closely for any sign of fatigue or strain, and modifications would be made in their training if necessary."

"We have decided to keep the siesta period every day even if it is more of a fiesta for a lot of them—at least they are relaxing."

"Our diet needs some adjustment here, but we are becoming accustomed to the different fruits and vegetables. In spite of the heat some of the boys still demand porridge for breakfast."

"The chief worry here is that illnesses last longer than they do at home."

"For instance, a common cold, which would clear up in a week or ten days at home, takes a month here. That is why we keep a close watch on the minor as well as major ailments."

Other pictures of nurses on page 9.



AUSTRALIAN nurses in battle dress. Tin hats and respirators are compulsory equipment in Malaya.

—The Australian Women's Weekly photograph.

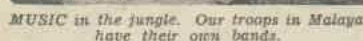


REAL Comfort

No matter how bright the fire, no matter how attractive the fireplace, a Cindrella Rug is an essential part of the set for real comfort; its deep curly pile providing comfortable warm depths into which to sink one's feet—and its beautiful rich colour adding still more to the luxuriousness of it all. Enjoy the luxury of a Cindrella Rug by your fireside.

cindrella Rugs
CURLY PILE
FOR FIRESIDE AND BEDROOM

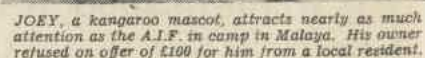
You can obtain a Cindrella Rug to match any furnishing scheme for there are eleven colours to choose from—Brown, Gold, Burgundy, Pastel Green, Rose, Rust, Biscuit, Black, Royal Blue, Slate Blue and Off White, in all popular sizes, and in oval, crescent and oblong shapes. Every rug has a non-slip back, and is inexpensive to buy. From all stores, furnisiers, etc.



By cable from ADELE SHELTON SMITH

When we arrived the Chinese house-boy asked us to have dinner early.

An old-fashioned railway clock ticked in the gloom, the gongs beat just out of time with it, the swish of the tide coming in was just out of time with the gongs. At 7.30 the clock struck six. It was all most unnerving.



A polite little voice said, "Missie have porridge for breakfast?"
Porridge!

SOUVENIRS. Officer in Malaya has a hatful of theatre tickets from shows seen in Australia.

Cameragraphs of our nurses in Malaya



AUSTRALIAN NURSES in Malaya signed The Australian Women's Weekly autograph book for our correspondent, Adele Shelton Smith, when she visited the hospital.



CONVALESCENT DIGGER in the Australian General Hospital dictates a letter home.



"THIS IS THE LIFE," says a sick soldier in hospital, as he gets breakfast in bed.

DAILY TRIBUTE of orchids from friends of the nursing staff to two Australian sisters in the convalescent ward at the hospital.



MATRON PASCKE, of the Australian General Hospital somewhere in Malaya, photographed in her quarters, which are simply furnished, but cool and very comfortable.



PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE, for which the Red Cross and other friends have given records, is popular.



RED CROSS Commissioner, Basil Burdett, hands out supplies to a nurse from his store of tinned goods.

Photographs by Wilfred (Bill) Brindle, The Australian Women's Weekly photographer in Malaya.

Escape Tower

Continued from page 5

THE "jaygee" was talking: "—above all, keep your head! Remember to grip the escape line with both hands and both feet. At each of the stops on the line, check your ascent. Take five complete breaths. Then go on. Any questions?"

No questions. The "jaygee's" voice was calm. Forrest wondered if he really was a coward, wondered if the "jaygee" would be afraid if he had stood in the control room of a submarine and felt the water rise like this. Only colder. If he had felt the pressure grow, and had known the weight of a responsibility greater, even, than the pressure.

His throat was dry, tight. With an effort, he swallowed and equalised the air pressure in his ear passages. He was grateful for the water over his knees; nobody could tell he was trembling, now.

Thirty pounds pressure. The com-

pressed air was growing hot. At a hundred and thirty degrees, it tortured the lungs. It had been hot down in the S-231 as she heeled on the bottom with forward hull plates torn by a destroyer's sharp bow. Hot even with the bulkheads oozing a cold sweat, and the chill fingers of fear tearing at men's hearts.

De Maris cried out again, but waved the "jaygee" away. Above the creeping water, the boy's fingers clenched, shook as he swallowed and struggled to clear his ears. The "jaygee" closed the water valve for a minute. Forrest bit his lips. If De Maris cracked again—

"I can't stand it!" the seaman moaned. "The pressure—I—"

"Hold your nose tightly, and swallow!"

De Maris did, and nodded. He looked around widely. "Go ahead,

sir!" he said, and that was discipline; more of self-discipline built up during months of a haunting fear than anything the Navy had taught. The lieutenant knew.

It was too late to back out now. These simulated submarine escapes from a hundred-foot depth were purely voluntary. De Maris had lashed himself into entering the iron doctor. Just as Bart Forrest had done—

"It'll be different, breathing oxygen and in the water," the "jaygee" said kindly. "You won't notice the pressure so much, once you begin the escape." He opened the valve again, and the water crept higher.

Steam collected on the dials that

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—May Day this week. "For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother," gaily carolled the lass in the well-known poem by Wordsworth—Tennyson—Felicia Hemans—Keats—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
- 2—And about our May bush—you would refer to it more formally as Mimosa—myosotis—acacia—myrtle—spiraea.
- 3—You've noticed that Brest has been a favorite target of the R.A.F. recently. This is because of its importance as a submarine base—its oil wells—the battle-ships Scharnhorst and Goeben—its sheltered harbor—the concentrations of invasion barges collected there.
- 4—Supposing you decided on a trip to the moon, you would prepare for a journey of almost 25,000,000 miles—750,000,000 miles—340,000 miles—3,000,000 miles—970,000 miles.
- 5—Flash back now to the school-room, where you learned the story of King Henry and Thomas a'Becket. The particular King Henry was Henry I—Henry II—Henry III—Henry IV—Henry V.
- 6—Largest of the following Balkan countries is Yugoslavia—Bulgaria—Greece—Albania—Turkey in Europe.
- 7—You know our ordinary two-penny stamp with the King's head on it—well, naturally you do, so that you probably also know that its value is marked in the form Twopence—2d.
- 8—Having resolved to take up ornithology, you devote yourself, avidly, to the study of Sea shells—the human race—birds—animals—the origin of languages.
- 9—Well to the fore in recent news has been Alexander Papagos, who led the Yugoslav army into Albania—is Premier of Bulgaria—is Prime Minister of Yugoslavia—succeeded General Metaxas as Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army.
- 10—To end with a little soft music—that beautiful number, "Bird Songs at Eventide" was composed by Edward German—Eric Coates—Amy Woodforde Finden—Haydn Wood.

Answers on page 12

WALK UP LADIES!
RINSO NOW
IN 2 SIZES
THIS GIANT DOUBLE SIZE
PACKET SAVES MONEY

Rinso
GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

OH HAPPY DAY! GIVE ME THE NEW GIANT PACKET. I USE RINSO'S RICHER SUDS FOR EVERYTHING

I CAN'T GET THERE FAST ENOUGH. THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE RINSO FOR PRECIOUS SILKS AND WOOLIES

I'M PROUD TO HANG UP A RINSO WASH. SUCH SNOWY WHITES AND THE COLOURS ARE A PICTURE

USE RINSO
FOR WASHING-UP AS WELL. IT DISSOLVES UNPLEASANT GREASE... SAVES TIME.

A LEVEE PRODUCT

4,396.15

registered barometric pressure and temperature. The "jaygee" dashed water on them to clear the fog. Pressure crawled to thirty-five.

The band on the Lurline's deck would be playing "Aloha" as she warped away from the pier. Passengers threw their leis into the sea. If they washed ashore, it meant the passengers would return to Hawaii, some day.

Allyne Forrest's garland of flowers wouldn't wash ashore. It would sink. The sea water, its bright emerald dimmed by the murk of whirling screws astern, would close over the blossoms, and Bart Forrest wondered what pressure a few fathoms down would do to their fragile loveliness.

Pressure, thirty-nine pounds to the square inch. Water nearly shoulder deep, now, coming up over the Momsen lungs. The "jaygee" waded toward Bart with an air hose from an oxygen flask. Just like an air hose at the filling station.

Bart thought of the little roadster he had bought Allyne. Second-hand, but a trim, serviceable car. It had carried her around from cocktail party to tea at the Hawaiian Palm, while he was out on the S-231. A gay life, beyond his means. Not beyond the means of Paul Tierney.

The "jaygee" pressed his air line over the valve of the Momsen lung, and the lung swelled and tightened that strap around Bart's back. All at once the water stopped coming in, stopped rising. The pressure dial said forty-four, and the six men in the chamber stood with their heads in the air pocket. The water was up over the skirt of the escape hatch.

He remembered a slanting steel deck and the smell of chlorine from the batteries, and water that didn't stop coming in until the last agonising moment. A dull, dead darkness, and the gurgle of the sea through a voice tube, and then flash-lights stabbing through. White faces. De Maris, here, crying out in a fear beyond tears; the wetness in his dark eyes had been from the agony of the pressure against his ear drums.

"Blow main ballast!" He might have been saying it now, from the clarity with which his own command came back to him. And then the rumble and the shudder, and nothing happening beyond that.

The "jaygee's" voice: "I'll go first. Hold on to the escape hatch ladder until you have found the line and gripped it. Don't lose your head. Remember to keep both hands and both feet on the line—and whatever you do, don't let go of your mouth-piece! Try your lungs."

They had done this on the S-231. They had let the buoy line up from the gunhatch, reeled it out until the slack told them it was on the surface. Everybody out, one at a time, except the three men killed in their bunks when the destroyer struck.

A terrible upward journey—then the relief had been almost painful when he finally broke the surface

into the blinding glare of the destroyer's searchlights.

The "jaygee" donned his Momsen lung and ducked under the skirt of the escape pipe. His lower body showed on the ladder, under water, as he reached upward to crack the watertight seal and open the hatch door outward into the big tank. There was a feeling of taut expectancy in the chamber; everything would be over in a few minutes now.

Then the "jaygee" came back down, stood up with his head in the air pocket, and removed his mouth-piece. "Ready?" he asked in a nasal voice.

Bart Forrest wondered if the instructor could read the terror in De Maris' eyes, and what the instructor saw in his own. The "jaygee" reached for a coiled line with a wooden buoy, hanging on the bulkhead. He dropped the buoy in the water and secured the line to lugs on the escape hatch. Then he forced the buoy under and into the pipe, and the line paid out.

Please turn to page 12

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet
Take It!
and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Biomedical Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is healed and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What Is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalizing the blood. Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and derelict fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1552R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6 one month's supply. (A.S.B.)

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

From way down south . . .

COUNTRY women crowd city . . . 600 of them. State conference of C.W.A. the reason. Drop in at meeting place, David Jones', George Street, and find business proceeding at quick tempo. Agenda motions include "That double-banking on bicycles be declared illegal" . . . "That Government be asked to inquire into high price of knitting wool."

Presidential reins are taken over from Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge by another forceful personality . . . Mrs. Jack Garry, of Binalong. Occurs to me that president's chair might some day start border feud between north and south. Present, retiring, and former president (Mrs. Matt Sawyer) all live down south, within hour or so's drive of the old tucker-box dog.

At Government House party for delegates meet attractive Mrs. Fred Beveridge, who is daughter-in-law of retiring president and niece of Mrs. Matt Sawyer.

Say "hello," also, to Mrs. F. Rorke (Leura), Mrs. A. G. Colquhoun and daughter, Mrs. A. Kinsela (Albury), Kit Bassett and Jean Hewett (Canowindra), and conference's outstanding speaker, Mrs. T. J. Clyne, of Lismore. Final social event is party at Wannawong, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax's Castle Hill home.

Three white cakes . . .

IT'S all white . . . French crepe gown and tulle veil . . . for Pat Nall this Saturday when she weds Phillip Thompson at St. Philip's, 4.30 p.m. Gardenias, too, of course, since she is seldom seen without one when they're in season.

This is the second wedding (plus a christening) in the Nall family within two months. For all three events Mrs. H. G. Nall has made white cakes.

It was at sister Jean's wedding to Max Palmer at Cowra six weeks ago that Pat met tall, handsome fiancé, who is in the A.I.F.

Country bride . . .

ALL white, too, is chosen by Betty Hooke, of Wiragulla, Dungog, for wedding with "Gill" Gillam, at New-castle Cathedral. Bridesmaids Phyllis Croll and Joyce Gillam take with them from Sydney white slipper satin frocks.

To polo-player Mick Hooke falls duty of giving his sister away. Dungog guests include the entire Hooke clan, Mrs. J. K. Mackay, sen., of Canong, Mrs. Ken Mackay, Dorothy Martin.

Interstate visitors . . .

LOTS of interstaters in town. Carnegie clan from Melbourne includes Mrs. Bruce Carnegie . . . stays at Australia with her parents, the H. G. Allens . . . Mrs. Keith Carnegie at Marton Hall, Mavis Carnegie at Usher's. Mavis is taking flat for two months with Melbourne's June Russell.

Warren Bonython and youthful bride (Bunty Young) spend part of honeymoon at Lapstone. Welcomed in Sydney by Bunty's sister, Sheila (Mrs. Bill Swan), who has had flat in Macleay Street since wedding in Adelaide last year.

Mrs. C. C. Warren has come from Brisbane to make acquaintance of her grandson, who will receive family name Brough at his christening. Parents are the Charles Warrens, of Double Bay.

Good time is had . . .

WEEK'S best fun . . . popular night at Trocadero when Sunday Telegraph Beach Girls appear. Red Cross benefits. Lots of socialites go along. Overhear two jitterbugs say "Nice-looking dames. Must be the beach girls" . . . looking at party which includes Mesdames Wang Osborne, Sam Hordern, Bill Crossing, Wal Anderson, Harry Meeks, Lex Albert, Ernest Watt.

No one is more surprised than Nuttle Mackellar when, asking woman standing on chair in front if she would remove her hat, she hears "Got my shoes off already. Can't hold my hat, too."

Two enthusiastic jitterbugs take my eye . . . Randolph and Dotty Kidder. Peter Lubbock dances by with Sandra Baillieu, and almost loses her in progressive barn dance. Glimpse Ivie Price and Valerie Purves, too, looking rather bewildered in the crush.

Jock Pagan echoes everyone's sentiments by saying "A good time is had by all," as he departs to catch paper train back to camp.

They catch the eye . . .

RACHEL STOREY'S willow-pattern chintz with umbrella skirt . . . worn for dining at Prince's . . . Judy Lawry's drifting gown of apricot chiffon . . . Ann Playfair's quilted pink jacket . . . Heaven-blue sheer dance frock worn by Barbara Finlay, pearl-studded yoke . . . pearl trimmings, too, on Suzanne Munro's white crepe dinner frock . . . Yolande Clarkson in pastel grey marquisette, very demure . . . Nancy Baldick's initials in silver kid on lapel of violet-and-grey shirtmaker dinner frock . . .

Very mysterious . . .

STORY I like best about revels at Redleaf (held to aid Green-knowe Sewing Centre) concerns the mystery raffle for men only. Lots of pretty girls sell tickets at great rate to all males, who fall easily for "mystery" angle. But when time comes to announce winner, raffle has mysteriously disappeared. Eventually discovered, it is revealed as life-sized wax model, merely draped in pink chiffon. Hear that several men rather glad they don't win . . . too hard to explain away if they take it home.

Redleaf garden effectively studded with lanterns. All out-of-doors are movies, spaghetti bar, buffet and chocolate wheel . . . Dr. Glan Satchell lends a hand with the wheel. Meet Mrs. C. S. Keen selling sweets. She also made most of stock for jam stall. Ena Edwards, Betty Goodwin, Marion Fell assist, too.

Also revelling . . . Mrs. A. A. Hall, Mrs. Neville Hall, Mrs. H. D. Cary, Mrs. H. S. Milligen, Mrs. W. P. McElhone, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Guinness, Pat Sheridan, Rossie Chandler, Joan Baldick, Barbara Cary.

Did you know? . . .

PATRICIA CRANE, daughter of dentist L. G. Crane and Mrs. Crane, of Mosman, makes debut this Friday at University Settlement Ball.

New address for the J. W. Birdsalls . . . T. & G. Building. They have given up their St. Mervyn's flat, which has been taken over by the Fred Allens, formerly of Wentworth Towers.



• W.A.N.S. IN ACTION . . . Lieut. Bessie Guinness, Lieut. Joyce Watts, and Captain Alice Scott take part in blackout exercises in Domain.



• OLD-WORLD white maulin and lace make pretty frock for Judy Playfair . . . dancing with Bill Barnes at Redleaf party.



• ARTISTS say women "can't take" caricatures, but Lucile Jansen proves she can at a party at Rose's for Greek Fund. Dudley Gordon is the caricaturist sketching her.



• DOROTHY BROWNING looks pleased receiving from Mrs. Alex Mair trophy awarded to Eastern Suburbs Younger Set for entries in C.W.A. Handicrafts Exhibition.



• "HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?" asks Information Minister Senator Foll of V.A. daughter Beryl at Yaralla Hospital, where she is assisting.



• MATCH, PLEASE! David Brown obliges with a light for June Paget's cigarette . . . cocktail hour at Prince's.



• PRETTY Queensland visitor Suzanne Munro. She was among dancers at party at Prince's for Army Queen, Diana Massie.



• CREMORNE Younger Set gives party for Red Cross . . . Gretchen Schrieterer chatting with Lieut. H. M. L. Hordern.



FREE LADIES' dainty HANDKERCHIEFS AND OTHER USEFUL GIFTS for DAD CARTON FRONTS

Reference No. 112—Ladies' dainty Lawn Handkerchiefs, pretty embossed, assorted colours or White. Box of 2, for 24 points.

Reference No. 113—Ladies' Lawn Handkerchiefs as above. Box of 4, for 40 points.

Reference No. 114—Ladies' dainty Handkerchiefs, singles, striped in various shades, available in coloured grounds, coloured borders or fancy White, for 8 points. 1/- sized Dail Washing Tablets, Carton Fronts cost 2 points.



Dail Washing Tablets are amazing. They clean out all dirt and grease without scrubbing, without effort. They will not harm the most delicate materials. Use them the easy, Dail way.



D1-41. WASHING TABLETS

Write for further details and special coloured folders listing all gifts available to—

Dail Gifts, Post Office Box 45, CAMPERDOWN, N.S.W.

This offer does not apply in South Australia.



VIM
cleans pots and
pans quickly—
NEVER SCRATCHES

7,107.35

"REMEMBER YOU ARE FEEDING BABY BEFORE HE IS BORN", says Mrs. MOTHERWELL

"Your ability to feed baby naturally, after he is born depends on what you eat (and don't eat) during those last few months of pregnancy. My advice is to eat what agrees with you, and to supplement your normal diet with Robinson's 'Patent' Groats. It will not only help to keep up your strength, but will prepare your constitution for the natural function of breast-feeding. During the nursing period it greatly adds to the nutritive value of breast milk."

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS



"MY BOOK". A complete guide to infant feeding will be sent if you write Robt & Colman (Australia) Ltd., S.P.O. Box 251588, Sydney, and enclose 2d. stamp for return postage. 0141



BART

put the clothespin clamp over his nose and bit into the rubber mouthpiece that fitted inside and outside his lips. He breathed through his mouth; the lung deflated like the rubber bag that shows an anaesthetist how his patient is taking gas. He exhaled, and the lung swelled as the air passed through soda-lime and was purified.

The oxygen gave him a sense of exhilaration that was purely physical. It would take more than the intoxicating properties of oxygen to lift the weight from his heart.

But he wasn't really afraid now. Escape was near. In a few minutes he would be out of the air pocket where the bulkheads strained toward him, out from beneath the sweating, crowding steel curve of the overhead.

The "jayer" ducked again, and was gone, and the enlisted men stood aside respectfully. Even De Maris, with his haunted eyes, Bart motioned them ahead. Once before he had been the last to go up a line like a monkey on a string. With grim amusement he remembered that this simulated escape would be entered on his service record. In effect, it qualified him to escape from any submarine for the next year.

The first and second men were out; the third's legs showed on the ladder. By now the Lurline would be standing out to sea. The bands had stopped playing. Deck hands were sweeping down; confetti and streamers spangled the swells overhead, like the petals of a shattered lei.

Alyne was making an escape, too. He knew this, now that the oxygen was clearing his brain of the numbing mists. The fault had not been wholly hers; when a man is living with an ingrowing fear that crowds against him from the very walls of a room, it is hard for a woman to live with him, too.

The exhaust of the Momen lung made a fluttering sound, not unlike that of a New Year's noisemaker designed to vent cynical, vulgar disrespect. He would have laughed, bitterly and hard, if it hadn't been for the mouthpiece. It was a new year. With fear conquered and put behind. And with nothing to live for.

De Maris was going hesitantly up the hatch. Even under the water Bart could see the boy's knees shaking and the white tenseness of his knuckles as he gripped the ladder. Then the lieutenant was left alone, a hundred feet down and under hundred-foot pressure.

He fought off the momentary panic that gripped him. The water was cool against his face as he poked out of the compressed air pocket and groped for the rungs of the ladder. You could keep your

eyes open in this water, if you chose. But Bart Forrest strained his shut and found the escape line.

Like a monkey on a string. The buoyancy of his body and that of the lung, designed to serve as a life preserver once you were at the surface, pulled him upward. He remembered to grip the line and make the ascent slowly; the line slid through his hands.

Because he did not want to think of the Lurline's sailing, he thought of Haldane's decompression tables and what happened to a man if he let go the line and shot upward with the pressure changing so rapidly. That forty-four pound pressure was equal throughout his body; he was saturated with nitrogen which must be released gradually at each of the stops on the escape line by the five complete breaths. If he shot to the surface, his lungs would rupture.

The first wooden stop jarred his hands. He held himself there and dared to open his eyes. Above him the line straggled through a green translucence. De Maris' slender body was hunched and sliding. Slowly, slowly.

The five breaths were completed. He could go on toward the top. Toward escape—and nothing to live for. His head felt light and giddy; it was the oxygen, of course. It was the oxygen that flashed a wild thought into his mind. Nothing to live for. Tear off the Momen lung and let go. Such a death surely would be mercifully quick. He thought of Alyne, and then he thrust the mad idea from him and gripped the line all the more tightly.

On to the next stop. When his hands struck the wooden block, they also hit the soles of De Maris' feet.

The answer is—

- 1—Tennyson.
- 2—Spiraea.
- 3—The battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau sheltered there.
- 4—240,000 miles.
- 5—Henry II.
- 6—Yugoslavia.
- 7—2d.
- 8—Birds.
- 9—Succeeded General Melaxas as Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army.
- 10—Eric Coates.

Questions on page 10

De Maris was being extra cautious, waiting far beyond the interval required for five breaths. Bart Forrest waited, too, and De Maris didn't move.

Five breaths. Six. Seven. De Maris was still there. Bart let himself up a little and saw the boy's toes, on a level with his eyes. They were curled, distorted. Something tore away from the seaman's body and rocketed through the water, shooting a bright plume of bubbles as it diminished into opaque nothingness. Bart Forrest bit into the mouthpiece with a sudden agonised breath. De Maris had lost his Momen lung!

The lieutenant let himself slide quickly, freeing one hand and feeling his knuckles pass along the sailor's leg. He came to the level of De Maris' eyes and saw them, wide and staring, frozen with a fear that had been too much for his frailness. He was holding his breath and clutching the line with a death grip.

Three stops more, to the preciousness of sunlight and air, and only one thing to do. Fight De Maris loose from the line, and prevent him from breaking surface too quickly. Otherwise, ruptured lungs, or at the least, a bad case of the bends would result.

The responsibility was back; it a pigboat officer is never free of it. He pulled at De Maris' wrist with his free hand. But the boy held on.

Bart had forgotten to count breaths, now. De Maris couldn't hold his own much longer. He would strangle, then, and his hands would release their grip too late. The lieutenant saw his fist shoot toward the water; it was like a slow-motion prizefight picture, but his knuckles cracked hard against De Maris' jaw, and all at once the lad let go his hold and became a frantically struggling, clutching thing full of the desire to live. Bart shot over another blow. De Maris caught at his arm and blocked it, and now they were battling around the line and the

Escape Tower

Continued from page 10

sailor had hooked clutching fingers in behind Bart's Momen lung.

The mouthpiece was jerked from between his teeth, and the nose clamp came free. Water choked Bart Forrest before he could stop the inhalation that had just started. He grabbed frantically at the mouthpiece, but De Maris was pulling on the bag, and he felt the strap carry away.

Once more a plume of bubbles streaked toward the surface. The men up there would see those two lungs break water, and there was a diving bell they could lower. But it would be too late.

Bart's fist doubled again. This time it snapped the boy's dark head back, and he went limp. The lieutenant let go the line and began swimming in a spiral, carrying De Maris with him.

His lungs were bursting as the pressure without decreased too swiftly for the pressure within to equalise itself. He opened his mouth and a great rumble of bubbles escaped, and the fullness that swelled and strained inside his body lessened. He swam with powerful strokes of his free arm, and he squeezed hard with the other, pressing the boy's chest against him and forcing another bright trail of bubbles upward. It was incredible that so much air could be in a man's lungs when they were crying for air.

About fifty feet, now, he thought. If he could stay down a little longer, there was a chance. His elbow struck the side of the steel tank, he tried to hug it and keep down, and he squeezed De Maris again.

There was a stinging sensation in his nose; he knew that it was bleeding. But not enough to turn the green translucence of the water so violently red as it was turning, and not enough to make him so weak and tired all at once. And now they were shooting upward like two corks, and the threshing of an arm and two legs, driven by desperate will alone, could not hold them down.

The redness grew brighter, and there was a roaring in his ears to go with its violence. The light changed suddenly to blackness and quiet. Through this, strangely enough, he could see Alyne's face.

Nothing to live for, he thought. She is gone. There was a great deal of pain in all of his joints. He remembered that he had to stay down—had to keep De Maris down. Come up too fast, and you die. Despite the pain, he thrust out with his free arm.

"Take it easy, lieutenant!" a voice said. "Take it easy!"

His eyes jerked open at this, and there was Alyne's face again; so he closed them and lay quietly for a minute. The pressure was against his eardrums, shoving them in, bringing back that full feeling. He could now hear the roar of compressed air.

"Forty-four pounds, sir!" somebody reported, and there was a sobbing sound. "Are you all right, Mrs. Forrest?"

"Yes, but he—Bart—"

Alyne's voice. Bart Forrest opened his eyes. She was really there. In the iron doctor with him. Under pressure.

"Don't try to talk, dear!" she said. She was trying to whisper, but you can't whisper under forty-four pounds of pressure. You can't whistle, even, although Bart was surprised enough to feel like trying.

She squeezed his hand. "I—I didn't go," she told him, and he thought this obvious fact was the most delightful he had ever known. "I couldn't go, after I learned where you were. I knew how much courage it took, how you needed me. I was on the observation platform waiting for you to come up."

He said: "De Maris!" and the doctor bent over him, too. "The boy will be all right," the doctor said. "Bends—a little worse than yours. But not fatal. You saved him, lieutenant."

Bart Forrest shook his head. It had been young De Maris who saved him, providing the responsibility he needed. The pressure. That was it, pressure.

They were letting the compressed air out very slowly, giving his body and that of De Maris a chance to lose the surplus of nitrogen in a natural manner. He lay and looked at Alyne, and beyond her at the overhead. It no longer seemed to be crowding against him, pressing him down. There were horizons again, and the infinity of happiness.

(Copyright)

what's the
BIG
idea
of all the
little 'extras'
built into
Philips
Radioplayers

EVERYTHING'S important to Philips radio engineers. That's why you find numbers of little improvements as well as the big features of Tone Compensation, Frequency Stabilisation, Legible Tuning, etc. They all add up to outstanding performance—glorious tone at any volume, short-wave reception which never fails to interest, and **DEPENDABILITY**. Quality is the basis of every Philips product—there are millions of users to prove it.

PHILIPS
RADIO
"It Beats the Band"

PHILIPS RADIOPLAYERS, LAMPS AND VALVES ARE MADE BY AUSTRALIANS FOR AUSTRALIAN HOMES

Listen to Jack Davey's new show, "It Beats the Band," every Sunday night at 7.30 through 2GB, 2AW, 4RL, 7HO, 7EA, and leading country stations; at 7.30 through 5DN and 6.45 through 6PE and 6PM.

SWOLLEN GLANDS



• In simple cases of sore throat and swollen glands, early treatment with Iodex will reduce the inflammation, relieve the pain, and help to prevent serious developments. In case of persistent glandular swellings, consult your doctor. It may be serious.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

GLADYS PARKER
11:18

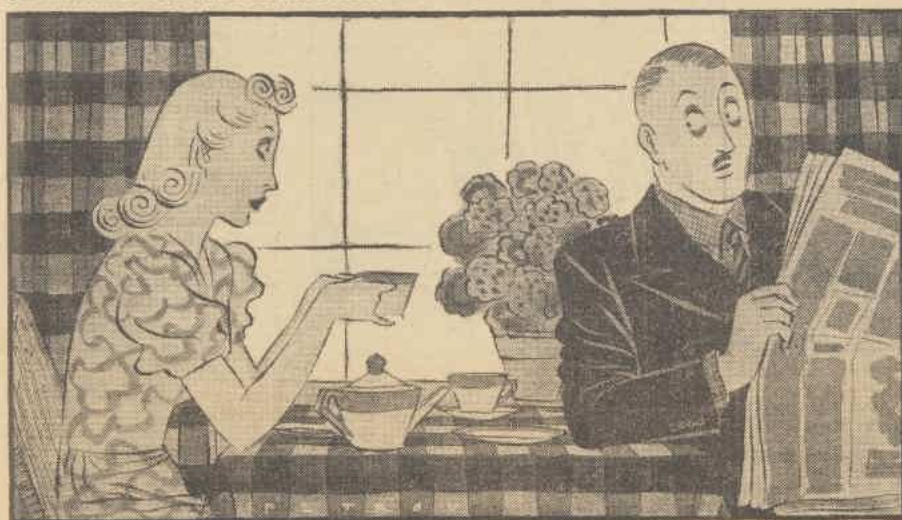
"Wait here for me a couple of minutes—
I won't be more than an hour."

Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen.

HE who laughs LASTS



RECRUITING OFFICER: Well, young man,
what do you want to be?
YOUTH: A returned soldier, sir.



"I dreamt last night that you bought me a new outfit."
"Well, that's the first dream of an outfit I haven't had to pay for."



"Don't you think this full dress suit is a perfect fit?"
"Yes, it's almost a convulsion."

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

Best
by Test
for the Chest

CHEMISTS - STORES DON'T KEEP HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE - THEY SELL IT!!

EVERYWHERE
2/6 AND 4/6



Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for
each joke used.

A GERMAN bomb had fallen close
to a cottage and failed to ex-
plode. But the occupant, an old
lady, refused to leave, even when
warned that it might go off any
minute and blow her up.

"Look here," she protested. "I've
refused to leave this house for the
landlord; I've refused to leave for
the bailiffs; and I'll be hanged if
I'll leave it for Hitler."

SERGEANT: You are a fine fellow.
How tall are you?
Recruit: Six foot two.
Sergeant: And what are you in
civil life?
Recruit: Still six foot two.

"BUT, doctor, you gave me an
entirely different diagnosis yes-
terday."
"That just goes to show, madam,
how rapidly medical science
advances."

"EXCUSE me, constable," said the
meek-looking little man. "but
I've been waiting here for my wife
for over half an hour. Would you
be good enough to order me to
move on?"

NEW COOK: My last mistress,
ma'am, was very quick-tempered.
She'd flare up, call me all sorts of
names, and—

Mistress: Ah, I know, and the next
minute she'd be sorry she had done
so.

New Cook: That's right, ma'am.
And so will anybody else who calls
me names."

BUSINESS GIRL SAYS

A GOOD
COMPLEXION IS
SUCH AN ASSET
IN BUSINESS.
REXONA KEEPS
SKIN HEALTHY—
AND A HEALTHY
SKIN, OF COURSE,
IS A LOVELY SKIN



For more obstinate
blemishes (which do
not yield quickly to the
Rexona Soap treat-
ment) a combination
treatment of Rexona
Soap and Ointment is required.
TREATMENT: Wash frequently
with Rexona Soap. At night smear a
little Rexona Ointment on the
affected parts. This special treat-
ment heals rapidly—leaves the skin
clear and unmarked.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Skin beauty, through skin
health, with Rexona—the only
soap containing Cadyt, a
special compound of health-
giving medications. Rexona's
specially medicated lather
draws out the germ-laden
impurities from the depths of
the pores, guards against un-
lovely skin faults.

REXONA
IS MORE THAN A
BEAUTY SOAP—it's a

Complete Skin
Treatment

R.215.27

An Editorial

MAY 3, 1941

OUR WOUNDED RETURN



OUR first batches of wounded have returned home. Everyone was eager to accord the warmest welcome to these men who have come to these

our gratitude and sympathy.

Everyone agreed that special arrangements should be made for their health, comfort and convenience.

At least they were entitled to comfortable transport to homes or hospitals with elimination of all unnecessary strain and fatigue.

General regret was expressed when it was revealed that the organisation set up to cope with the situation was, in many cases, not up to the demand made upon it.

The public heard with pained surprise stories of sick men carrying their own kitbags off troopships and others having to travel long distances in trains without sleeper accommodation.

This, of course, was due to faulty organisation and not to any lack of official regard for the welfare of the soldiers.

Most probably the root cause of the whole trouble was the old enemy—red tape.

Cheering crowds enthusiastically welcome our sick returned. The organisation for repatriating our soldiers to Australia should be lit by the same imagination and enthusiasm as shown by the people.

Behind their enthusiasm are solid welfare organisations eager to care for the soldiers in every way. There are splendid hospitalisation and convalescent homes to help them back to health.

We have, as well, all the experience of the last war behind us as a guide in caring for the sick and wounded. Flaws revealed in the present organisation should be remedied at once and the public assured that there will be no repetition of these early mistakes.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Able-Seaman J. Warner, H.M.A.S. Stuart, to his sister, Miss F. Warner, 623 Anzac Parade, Maroubra, N.S.W.:

"WELL, you can see by the date on my letter that I am writing after our encounter with the Dago Navy.

"I suppose you will know all about it by the time you receive my letter.

"To start off with, we never had as much as a chip of paint scratched off our ship.

"We began to chase the enemy for a day, and then at 10.15 p.m. we overtook him, and then the battle. At 10.35 p.m. we took range and fired our first salvo, and the fun began.

"We torpedoed and hit a cruiser which immediately burst into flames from one end to the other.

"Our next score was a destroyer which crossed our bows. I thought for a moment that we were going to ram it, but then all guns opened fire and hit the destroyer in several places, inflicting heavy damage.

"Oh, boy! what a mess! We then attacked two other cruisers and also inflicted heavy damage on them.

"We left the enemy sick and sore and steamed back to harbor.

"When we steamed into harbor our ship was flying the Australian flag and the White Ensign which denoted our great victory."

A soldier in the Middle East to his wife at Pinnaroo, S.A.:

"WITH three of the boys I took a stroll one evening to where we had heard there were some ruins, so we thought we would do some exploring.

"Arriving there we met three Bedouins, who asked us to have a drink of tea.

"It was quite a ceremony. First they boiled the water, poured it into a small teapot holding a pint, added sugar, and then put it back to boil.

"After a while they removed it from the fire and poured it into a glass that would hold about a large eggcupful, then poured it back into the teapot and repeated the performance as many times as there were people.

"Then the glass was filled, each one having a glassful, the order being right round the circle we had formed.

"This tea is very sweet and the proper way to drink it to show appreciation is to make a noise while drinking, and then smack your lips."

Driver L. M. McLeod in the Middle East to a friend at Punchbowl, N.S.W.:

"SOME of the lads went on leave the other day, and one of them brought back a bottle of what looked like soft drink of some sort. Very obligingly he offered me a drink, and being thirsty I took a mouthful. Oh, dear, wasn't it terrible stuff. I was coughing for hours afterwards, much to the amusement of the lads.

"It turned out to be a bottle of water from the Dead Sea. No wonder fish can't live there!

"In our hut we have decided to pounce

Winnie the War Winner



"Well, I read that Germany wasn't bombing military objectives."

on all the empty beer bottles, and every so often sell them to the canteen and buy a feed of cake. You see, beer bottles are worth 11d. each, so it doesn't take long to mount up, and we do like cake!"

Telegraphist E. B. Davis, R.A.N., to his mother at 79 Weston St., Carlisle, W.A.:

"WE are still at sea, and I thought you would like to hear about our latest bit of excitement.

"We set off to pick up a convoy, and when we were within an hour's sailing of them I was resting and listening to the news at the time, and others were sleeping or playing mah jongg) we heard a violent explosion, and the old ship jumped up and down.

"Well, our first thought was that we'd struck a mine as there have been a lot floating about, and we sank one by gunfire only this morning.

"When we arrived on the upper deck, however, we found that it was the usual air attack. There were four of them, and I believe they were German.

"They all had their turn and laid a few eggs each, which didn't half whistle as they came down, but thanks to the skipper's good manoeuvring they dropped where we had been and not where we were.

"Of course, our chaps on the guns were not asleep, and they let them have it with everything we had and I feel sure that a couple of those bombers were peppered with bullets and shrapnel.

"We have been at sea for 12 days now, and it looks as though we will run out of smokes, which is even worse than getting bombed."

From a leading-aircraftman in Canada to his family in Barcaldine, Qld.:

"WE left Vancouver by Canadian Pacific Railroad and there began one of the grandest trips of my young life—the Rockies in mid-winter.

"We saw our first snow at a place called North Bend, where the boys called out and had a snowball fight with some of the local kids. Needless to say they were much too good for us.

"The train, complete with dark-skinned Pullman porters, was centrally heated and very luxurious, especially after Central Queensland trains.

"We had an hour or so at Banff, the celebrated mountain resort. It is a cute little town complete with North-West Mounted Police barracks set back among the snow and pine trees and a Mountie in the celebrated uniform on guard.

"Our march through Banff was somewhat impeded by the lack of a decent band, and also we were marching on slippery ice and our feet were cold.

"On arrival at Calgary we were given a good welcome by our own boys from home, many of whom I knew.

"We were invited to a Canadian home. They were very interested in everything. We had to tell them about home, and we didn't spoof them except about our 'kangaroo polo,' played on kangaroo-back, the spare balls being carried in the pouch in front. We let them in on it later.

"On the way over some of us were given the option of flying bombers or fighters. I was undecided. I wanted to fly a fighter during the war but wanted the experience on heavy, multi-engine aircraft in case I came through. So here I am learning to fly bombers."

A leading-aircraftman with the R.A.F. in England to a friend in Brighton, Vic.:

"THANK you for the gum-leaves; I took them to the station picture theatre, where they were handed round for inspection.

"I did not receive many back, as the boys were burning them with their cigarettes and inhaling the aroma.

"Quite a lot of the boys sniffed the air and turned round inquiringly. One wanted to know where the bushfire was.

"London is a huge city and Sydney seems a small town in comparison. I saw the place where stood the camp in which my father trained before going to France. The gates are still standing, having been left as a memorial to the men who passed through them.

"I stayed with some of the friends my father made during the last war. They made me as welcome as they did my dad over twenty-three years ago."

Signaller Shawn O'Leary in the Middle East to his mother, Mrs. M. O'Leary, Bellgrove, Venner Rd., Yeronga, Qld.:

"WITH the English troops beginning to arrive, the 'Wogs' are acquiring Yorkshire and Scottish accents.

"I told one 'Wog' in El Kantara to 'Imahsee,' meaning 'Scram,' and he very insolently replied, 'Ach, awa' wi' ye."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



Turkish girl parachutists are flying amazons

Fifteen-year-olds trained in modern war technique

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in England



PILOT-MAJOR Sabiha Guntentchen, adopted daughter of the late Kemal Ataturk, is leader of the Turkish Flying Amazons, a corps of girl parachutists.

If Turkey fights her women are trained. From the harem and from behind the yashmak modern women of new Turkey have emerged not only to take their place side by side with the daughters of Western civilisation but side by side with their men in battle.

Already thousands of young girl parachutists, armed with machine-guns and hand-grenades, are ready.

THEY are members of the Flying Amazons, a corps founded by Turkey's great liberator, the late Kemal Ataturk.

Pilot-Major Sabiha Guntentchen, the adopted daughter of Kemal, is head of the Flying Amazons.

A skilled pilot, she has spent the last few years instructing Turkish girls in aviation.

The world has recognised these winged women of the new Turkey as airwomen of importance. They have flown all over Europe.

Imirza, daughter of a Turkish Consul, and herself one of the modernists who have grown up since 1920, and who saw the liberation of Turkish women, told The Australian Women's Weekly: "Our girl parachutists were specially trained by Soviet instructors two years ago. These parachutists are girls between 15 and 18 years old."

"They are the cream of Turkish girlhood, physically fit, mentally alert, and thoroughly trained soldiers."

"Turkish military experts believe that these girl parachutists will prove just as effective as men in sabotaging enemy communications."

"But apart from Turkish women who will form part of the Air Force, Turkey can count on a vast army of bobbed-hair soldiers, for every Turkish girl must do regular militia service."

"In every war in which Turkey has been involved—and they have been many—peasant women have played some part in keeping open the lines of communication, providing ammunition and victualling their soldiers."

New freedom

SINCE the women have been released from the fetters of the harem they have found a new freedom and make the best possible use of it.

That is why if Turkey fights her women will be ready. That is why her broadcasting stations are calling on women to enlist for service under the Red Crescent.

Now, in the spring, the great gymnasium festivals of May are getting under way.

Bodies made strong and graceful by modified army exercises will stage displays of physical culture, but these same girls can handle guns, for every Turkish schoolgirl has been taught to use firearms.

It was the late Kemal Ataturk who emancipated Turkey's women. From 1924 onwards he forced on his people amazing reforms, reforms at first unpalatable, now accepted as everyday habits.

He forbade polygamy and the harem. Women who had never before appeared in public without a veil, and a eunuch as a guard, could now go to the theatre with men friends, even play tennis in mixed parties.

"People's Houses" for cultural entertainment were opened in every village, and sexes met on equal ground. Two million women were given the vote, and in 1935 seventeen women were elected to Parliament. Ten of these were schoolteachers, four town councillors, one a woman doctor, and two were farmers.



DRUMMER GIRL of Turkish Girl Scouts, typical of modern Turkish girlhood. IN THE LABORATORY of the Gazi Institute. Since the days of freedom from the harem, Turkish girls have flocked to schools and colleges.



AFTER ILLNESS... ... boys and girls need new vitality

Even after a child has apparently recovered from an illness, there follows a dangerous period of lowered vitality, and weakened resistance to further infection. That is when Virol can be given to the best advantage. As soon as they start to take Virol children begin to improve in health, and every spoonful builds up new reserves of energy and vitality.

Virol supplies every element needed for healthy growth and development. Doctors recommend it as the very best building-up food after illness, and its benefits last for life.



MAKE VIROL
THEIR TONIC FOOD

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The

Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Gay... Gay... Gay!



Sunbeam BRENDA

FREE KNITTING DESIGNS STYLE GUIDE

Alexandra Spinning Mills,
30 Grosvenor St., Sydney.

Send me a free copy of your "1941
Style Guide" in Hand Knitwear.

Name _____

Address _____

B.W.W.2

It will fit you as no other woolly has ever fitted you before... this flattering cardigan hand-knit in "Sunbeam" Brenda Wool... famous for soft texture and elastic strength. Sun-Glo Knitting Book No. 24 (price 6d.) gives full knitting instructions. In Sun-Glo Knitting Books you'll find the season's smartest hand-knitwear, chosen by style experts.

Smart knitters insist on Sun-Glo Shrink-proof Wool and Sunbeam Crepe, Crochet, Gypsy, Brenda and Wilda Wools. It pays to get the best, especially when it costs no more! Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandra Spinning Mills, Sydney. Distributors: Paterson, Lang & Grace Ltd.



Over the garden fence

A fortnightly feature

Edited by Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY

(THE FAMOUS ENGLISH WASHING AUTHORITY) AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS.

ADVERTISEMENT

MRS. HOLIDAY'S

FREE SERVICE

As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to the editors, (Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H., Melbourne), if you have any problem connected with washing. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.



Frocks with the party spirit



Turning over the pages of a magazine the other day with a very grown-up little lady of 8 by my side, we came across a photograph of Shirley Temple. "Oooh," said Rosemary, "I wish Mummy would buy me a dress like that for parties!"

"And I expect you'd wear it once and that would be the end of it, my dear," replied her Mother. "I'd never be able to wash that, you know."

"Well," I commented, "laundrying children's party frocks is not really such a tricky business as you'd imagine."

And it occurred to me that a number of mothers might like to know something about this little problem.

Of course, the first thing to do is to remove all trimmings, ribbons, bows and (if it's a darkish frock) the light

collars and cuffs. Wash them separately. Then when you come to the frock itself let the material be your guide.

1. **Organdi:** This firm, crisp material is fairly easy to wash, whether white or coloured. Nearly all shades are "fast," but just be a little careful of those which are embroidered and do rinse organdi very thoroughly.

If it has been washed two or three times already, add a little thin starch to the water to stiffen it. Don't hang organdi up to dry or it will quickly get too dry to iron. Roll in a towel until you are just ready to bring out your iron.

2. **Crope-de-chene:** Like all other silks and rayons, you should wash a crope-de-chene frock in tepid Persil suds. Iron when slightly (but evenly) damp so that the material can be gently stretched back to its original size as you'll find the crepe weave contracts a little when wet. Real silk crope-de-chene should be ironed first on the wrong side and then (if you want a lustrous finish)

lightly on the right. But if it's rayon crepe, iron only on the wrong side.

3. **Velveteen:** Velveteen is usually "fast" in colour so it's the texture that needs most attention (provided that the frock is really velveteen and not velvet which, of course, is not a washable fabric).

Keep up a good lather all the time the frock is in the bowl. Add more Persil (mixed, of course) if necessary. Dip it up and down in the suds—and on no account squeeze it. Should there be any particularly dirty patches, lay the material flat on your hand and rub them with the other hand, one way only (the way of the pile).

Do not squeeze velveteen when you lift it from one water to another. Let the water drain from it. Hang it on a thickly padded coat-hanger to drip dry and change the position of the frock frequently so that creases do not form in the folds. When the pile starts to lift, smooth it over with the palm of your hand.

I am afraid I have no space to deal with any other fabrics this week, but if I haven't dealt with your problem, do please write and I'll answer you personally.

However, you can't go wrong if you treat voiles, muslins and nets as organdi; silks and rayons as crope-de-chene and any "pile" fabric as velveteen.



Exclusive

MARY HOLIDAY

Pattern Service

2/6 patterns for 6d.



Younger Set Frock

Even a beginner can follow this easy-to-make Mary Holiday pattern, which includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting-out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain this beautiful overseas pattern, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.). No other patterns at this price offers you so much. Fill in the coupon below.

MARY HOLIDAY PATTERN "C" YOUNGER SET FROCK

To "Patterns," P.O. Box 495 H., MELBOURNE. Enclosed find 8d. in stamps. Please send Pattern "C". (Pattern can only be obtained by post and from above address.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Size (8, 10, 12, 14 years)

How do you rate as a parent?



Sure—you try to handle the kids with sympathy and understanding! But how do you rate when it comes to a test? Take this quiz (read "her" for "him" as the case may be) and score 0 for every question answered YES, 2 for HARDLY EVER—and 4 for a downright NO!

1. Do you drag the kid out with you at night when all growing children need between 9 and 12 hours of sleep?
2. Do you always let them have their own way—simply because you're too lazy to make a stand?
3. Do you act the heavy parent instead of trying to be a pal?
4. Are you constantly bragging of the cute things the youngsters say and do in front of them?
5. If the kid makes a mistake do you pitch into him first and find out afterwards he was only trying to help?
6. Do you boss them around as though they were "fags" instead of appealing to their better nature to give you a hand?
7. Do you fail to encourage them to take an interest in their clothes, washing their hands, etc.?
8. Do you omit thanking them for small services—thus neglecting to show the good manners you expect them to have?
9. Do you ever let the youngsters see you out of control and blowing off steam?
10. Do you threaten the kid with a punishment and then shirk carrying it out when he's deliberately disobedient?
11. Do you make derogatory cracks about people in front of them—such as referring to their Aunt Sally as "that old geezer"?
12. Do you remind them frequently that they're eternally indebted to you?

How did you make out? If your total score is between 48 and 36 they ought to be proud of you! From 36 to 24, you'll have to change if you want to hold their admiration and respect. Below 24—poor kid!

WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT "O"?

Oxygen (or "O" as chemists term it) is so important that life just couldn't go on without it! One-fifth of the air we breathe is oxygen. Half the total weight of everything on earth is represented by oxygen.

When a doctor wants to revive a patient he gives him oxygen. When you go down to the sea to get a breather, it's the ozone (or extra oxygen) that makes you feel better.

You yawn when your blood has not been getting sufficient oxygen: your muscles contract causing you to open your mouth wide and inhale deeply.

When you hang your clothes in the sun and rain they are purified by the oxygen in the atmosphere. When you wash your clothes in Persil they are purified in exactly the same way—by the oxygen in Persil. Oxygen energises the suds so that they reach every single stitch of your wash. Yet at the same time oxygen, as we've already seen, is as safe as fresh air!

PERVERSE PERCY



MAKE YOUR OWN

Window Blinds



It's the newest thing in homecraft

Window blinds that you can make yourself in florals and pastels... Till recently most blinds were grey, fawn, or drab green.

Many's the time a fawn or grey blind shone through delicate cream curtains and gave them a dingy look. But not any more! Now it's the fashion to have blinds in ivory—pink—primrose. Blinds have at last developed individuality of their own. They're amazingly simple to make: Remove the old blind from the roller

and, using it as a guide to size, cut your new one out of Indian Head or stout cotton with a smooth finish (make certain the material is reasonably fast to sun). Hem it along bottom and sides, starch and iron—and tack it on to the roller. Slip the stiffening rod from the hem of the old roller into the bottom hem of the new one, and attach the cord.

As a matter of fact, blinds and curtains have actually become ensembles. Recently I saw the most attractive curtain-and-blind set (a two-tone effect). Curtains in pale primrose linen, with a 6 inch scalloped border in blue. The blind was in primrose and also had a scalloped blue border. Next time you need new blinds you might try something like that yourself!

OUR READERS' COLUMN 5/- for washday hints

Mrs. Schoenheimer, 11 Parkview St., Milton, W.2, Brisbane, Q'd. Do not wash navy school uniforms with other clothes, as they seem to pick up something from the white clothes which gives them a dirty appearance. Turn them to the wrong side before starching, and then if unfortunately your starch has had some lumps in it, the marks will not be visible. If you have no skirt board a few layers of paper placed

between back and front of uniform will assist in putting the pleats in position.

Mrs. J. Chalmers, 28 McCauley St., Thirroul, N.S.W. When putting up short curtains after laundering, slip a thumb over the end of the curtain rod. It will go through easily and save many a tear.

These readers have won 5/- for their washday tips! Have you sent in yours yet? Write it down now and post to Mrs. Holiday at the above address.

Auntie thought her tablecloth was white...



till she saw the twins in their PERSIL-WASHED FROCKS

The picture tells the story. Ordinary washing... Persil washing—what a difference! Persil with its oxygen-charged suds eases dirt right out of the weave itself. It gets things whiter because it gets them cleaner.

As for coloureds, silks or woollies—you can't give them better care than Persil. It's so thorough, so quick and gentle. When Persil looks after loveliness, it lasts and lasts!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.79.40

MY MOTHER
ALWAYS USES
ZEBO FOR
HER STOVE-
AND SO DO I



Zebo is the liquid stove cleaner that has never been equalled... never outmoded! So simple! All you need is a cloth or brush. A few brisk polishing strokes and Presto! Off with dullness... away with drabness. The most difficult stoves and grates respond to Zebo cleaning and stay bright longer, too. Ask for Zebo from your Grocer and keep it always handy for quick touch-ups.



ZEBO
LIQUID
STOVE POLISH

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets



He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Waltham Rd., London, E.C.W.

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no stimulants. All you do is take two capsules twice a day and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove straining phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

choking and straining every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work stimulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 3 sizes... 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

Women also Serve.

Colored scraps make warm quilts for war victims

COZY and attractive quilts are a speciality of the work of the Arts and Crafts War Service Guild led by Miss Joan Mackenzie.

Members make these warm bedcovers, to be sent overseas to war victims, from scraps of gay patterned chintz or bright materials and sew them in patchwork fashion on to linings of thick woollen materials.

Every kind of scrap is utilised. No new materials are bought.

A lining may be made of pieces of a woollen cardigan unpicked and joined to make the proper shape. It may be a piece of a flannel shirt, or even some unpicked pairs of socks.

One of the latest quilts to be completed was of heavy pink linen. It had inset corners of green-and-pink patterned chintz and a huge, flat, green linen rose with a pink centre. Another quilt was ingeniously contrived of very small cuttings just as they had been snipped from materials.

A touch of Australia will go to one war sufferer, with a quilt made of a piece of flannel patterned with kangaroos.

And to delight some child several of the kangaroos have tiny joey peepers out of their pouches.

"One of the most novel quilts of all has been made by Miss Nell Holden's group of workers at Warrawee," said Miss Mackenzie.

"It consists of 250 four-inch bags each filled with rough wool begged from spinners' depots. The bags are joined together with stitching and the whole makes a light and extremely warm eiderdown."

"When we got the wool first from the depots it was unscoured and full of burrs," said Miss Holden. "We took out all the burrs and washed the wool thoroughly in soft, soapy water, and pegged it out along the clothesline."

Quilting party

MISS HOLDEN said that the small bags took quite a long time to make, but one night Miss Nancy Davidson held a "quilting party" at her home at Wahroonga, and they made an astonishing number.

As well as material quilts, Arts and Crafts members make beautiful knitted and crocheted rugs.

Here again their artistic sense shows itself. Little knee-rugs are not merely drab coverings. They are gay with bright wool and pretty patterns.

Among other things Arts and Crafts workers make a little set of clothing for children, and all kinds of cosy knitted garments. Warm mittens are cleverly fashioned out of old golf socks. Practical housewives for soldiers have been made in hundreds. These are mostly of bright strong furnishing material and packed with needles and cottons and buttons.

They are always needing buttons, and would be grateful for donations, which can be sent to the Arts and Crafts Society's rooms, 112 King St.



MISS JOAN MACKENZIE puts patches into position on an attractive patchwork rug which has a cosy woollen interlining.

Social events for good causes

APRIL 30.—Musical at Feminist Club to aid Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children. 2.30 p.m.

MAY 2.—Tea-party at Farmers' to aid Polish War Victims. 2.30 p.m.

MAY 2.—University Settlement Ball, University Union Rectory.

MAY 2.—Junior Red Cross Exhibition, Town Hall.

MAY 3.—9th reunion of members who served on H.M.A.S. Brisbane in Great War. Blue Tea Room, Rowe St., 7.30 p.m.

MAY 3.—Tarlan Fair, Scots College, for Spitfire Fund.

MAY 3.—St. Scholastica's Ex-students' dance, David Jones.

MAY 4.—Open House Sunday concert, Y.W.C.A.

MAY 6.—St. Joseph's Old Boys' dance, Wentworth.

Sisters design poster to help Spitfire Fund

PAINTING twelve posters for the Strathfield and Burwood Spitfire Fund has taken all the spare moments of sisters Madeline and Nannette Drayton for the past three weeks.

They designed the poster to help the fund's special appeal day on Friday, May 2.

A large red, white, and blue Spitfire occupies the centre of the poster. On one side is written "Cover the Spitfire With Silver" and on the other "A Coin Nearer Victory."

Each poster has been made the size of two bridge tables. They will be put on the tops of tables, in twelve good positions in shopping areas, so that their appeal for silver will be answered.

"We got the idea from a relation who lives in a little village in Lincolnshire. She wrote that they drew pictures of Spitfires on the cobblestones in their village and enough money came in to buy two machines," said Madeline Drayton.

Before the final appeal this week the fund had about £4000 in hand. President of the committee is Mrs. Harry Herton, and Miss Madeline Drayton is honorary secretary.

Organises and directs the Junior Red Cross in Darwin

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Ena Dalton, of Darwin, is doing fine work for the war effort.

Twelve months ago she organised the Junior Red Cross at Darwin, and she is now director of all the Northern Territory circles. These include branches at Tennant's Creek, Pine Creek and Alice Springs. There are six altogether.

She did her V.A.D. course in Darwin, and with other girls was appointed to the Larakeyah Military Hospital at Darwin to take up duties before military nurses arrived.

Ena Dalton has had considerable experience in organising. While she was teaching at Katherine about three years ago she instituted a branch of the Country Women's Association. Then she started a free library for bush men. Books were often despatched hundreds of miles. Miss Dalton was educated at the Brisbane Grammar School, and graduated at the Teachers' College.



Why is she so chic—so self-possessed—so different?

Her poise is perfect. And her face is as serene as her mind. She has a Creme Simon complexion. She's confident that time's cruel finger cannot age her skin with ugly lines and wrinkles.

CREME SIMON, the different skin-food used a different way—while your face is damp. Its gentle tonic action keeps skin firm, supple, smooth.

CRÈME SIMON

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS



HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Constipation clogs the system and causes many ills. Doctors say, "To be healthy you must keep free from constipation." NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative, aids Nature in a natural way. It acts gently and mildly to give you comfortable relief. Easy and pleasant to take, Figsen is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Get NYAL FIGSEN to-day and see how easily this natural laxative will correct constipation and improve your health. Sold by chemists everywhere—1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

GOOD TOOLS

Need 3-IN-ONE OIL

Now only

1/-

Cleans, lubricates, prevents rust.

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Night, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescrip-

tion called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/2, 8/4.

Cystex KIDNEYS BLADDER
The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

Sketching is the hobby that pays!



Would YOU like to take a Staff Position or open your own Studio and sell sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc. If you like Drawing, whatever your age, wherever you live, whether you have had little or no previous training, STOTT'S can train you for this delightful and lucrative Profession, in your own home.

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 298 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 30 Greenfield St., Adelaide; 354 Murray St., Perth.

POST THIS COUPON—CUT HERE.

To STOTT'S (Nearest Address). Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of your Courses in COMMERCIAL ART and Sketching.

My Name

Address

A.W.W. 1141

FOR
Honey-moon
Hands... use
HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
Makes them softer, lovelier, daintier
1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)

FREE OFFER!

To put sunshine in your hair send this advert, with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 990-GG, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pink Candicans Tonics will be sent free.

W.W. 3/5/41

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of fluid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 3/6

Pimples and Bad Skin Fought in 24 Hours



Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Eczema, Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Redness and Red Blisters. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way, and don't let a bad skin make people think you are diseased.

A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in three ways: 1. It kills and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft and velvety smooth.

Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works faster than anything you have seen in your life before. It stops the itching, burning and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnificently attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your Chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm NOW 2/1

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



MR. AND MRS. VAUGHN PAUL (film star Deanna Durbin).

The wedding of Deanna Durbin Simple and unaffected ceremony culminates happy love story

By BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

ONE of the loveliest weddings I have ever seen in Hollywood was that of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, held in the Wiltshire Methodist Episcopal Church, Los Angeles, on April 18.

Very few Hollywood notables were present in the congregation of 300 guests, who were mostly in informal attire. For Deanna, who personally issued all the invitations, preferred electricians, cameramen, and other studio workers.

The church itself was magnificently decorated. Massive ropes of gardenias linked the great candleabra, which were twined with sprays of gardenias and Easter lilies. White blooms banked the steps leading to the chancel, and cascades of white gardenias bowered pulpit and choir stall.

The bride was radiant in ivory duchesse satin, made in princess style with a sweeping train, long sleeves, and a yoke of heirloom English point-lace. Her circular face-veil was caught by a Madonna halo, and her bridal veil was bordered

by a deep applique of English point-lace.

The bride's bouquet was of white, mystery gardenias, lily-of-the-valley, and bouvardia with a trail of white orchids.

Her six bridesmaids (Helen Parrish, Anne Shirley, Anne Gwynne, Deanna's cousin, Gene Read, Mrs. Marvin Bradley, and Mrs. Thomas King) wore pastel shades. Deanna's elder sister, Mrs. Clarence Heckman, was matron of honor.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a set of jewels—brooch, bracelet, earrings and dress-chain, all of diamonds.

Vaughn's half-brother, cameraman Elwood Bredell, was his best man.

The ceremony opened with "The Wedding March," a soloist and organist. Deanna, who had been greeted by cheering thousands jamming the boulevard, walked up the aisle on the arm of her father, Mr. James Durbin, who gave her away. White-haired, dignified Dr. Willis Martin pronounced the ritual, during which the bride and bridegroom exchanged wedding-rings.

As the bride and groom left the church following the simple ceremony, a lusty cheer went up from the crowd, who shouted their good wishes for several minutes.

Deanna and Vaughn hesitated for a few minutes at the entrance to acknowledge the acclaim and permit photographers to take some pictures. Then they left by limousine for the Beverly Wiltshire Hotel, where the reception was held.

Secret honeymoon

THE couple stayed at the reception in a very little while—just long enough to cut their wedding cake and receive congratulations; then they departed by motor, amid a shower of rice, for their secret honeymoon rendezvous.

Although no member of the family will confirm the report, it is understood that the young people are going to Honolulu.

When they return they hope to settle quickly in their new home, an English cottage being built for them on the outskirts of Hollywood.

The thing which impressed me most about the wedding of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul was the fact that the affair was kept as simple and unaffected as possible.

The usual Hollywood glare was done away with. The intrusion of pressmen and photographers was kept down to the minimum. Even the crowd, estimated at 10,000, was orderly and controlled.

This was as it was hoped, and as it should be, in a marriage which culminated an untroubled, happy love story—a romance which has been their first, and only, for both Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Paul.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ UNDER YOUR HAT (Week's Best Release)

Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert. (British National release.)

CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Jack Hulbert are back on the screen in a version of their stage hit, "Under Your Hat."

Cicely and Jack appear as a married pair of screen musical stars. Jack is detailed by the Secret Service to shadow a woman spy (Leonora Corbett). Jealous Cicely shadows him—posing as Leonora's maid.

The pair go through a series of amusing disguises—with honors always to Cicely, especially as the broad wife of Jack's army colonel.

The clever, genial fooling of these old-timers provides many joyous scenes. In fact, only when Jack goes sentimental does the film become in any way boring. And you can't help admiring Cicely. She makes herself look so awful—and she doesn't care.—Embassy; showing.

★★ SECOND CHORUS

Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard. (Paramount.)

IN "Second Chorus" Fred Astaire has a chance to prove that he has talent for light comedy as well as for tap-dancing.

In it he and Burgess Meredith play a couple of ambitious trumpet-players, who run a University band. They're jealous of each other both in their work and their romance.

Then the pair—independently—go off to New York, each hoping to win a place in Artie Shaw's swing band. There's a continual battle between Astaire and Burgess for the love of decorative Paulette Goddard.

Fred has three dances—one with Paulette Goddard; a Russian dance sequence; and the finale in which he does a solo dance while wielding the baton for Shaw's band.

Clarinet-wizard Artie Shaw and his world-famous swing band completely steal the show right from under the noses of such established favorites as Astaire, Burgess Meredith, and the charming Paulette Goddard. And what a waste to have a fine actor like Meredith in such a feeble role.—State; showing.

★ GIVE US WINGS

Billy Halop, Hunts Hall. (Universal.)

FORMER "Dead End Kids" and "Little Tough Guys" appear in this adventure-drama of five teenage youths who are ambitious to fly.

The story deals with America's latest aerial venture, the dusting of crops from aeroplanes. Led by Billy Halop and Hunts Hall, the five boys take on flying for unscrupulous Victor Jory, who runs a crop-dusting outfit with dangerously antiquated planes.

Those who enjoy the antics of

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average.

this wisecracking, battling group of boys should find the film entertaining. And there are, undoubtedly, good actors among them—especially Billy Halop, who's grown a few inches.—Capitol; showing.

★ PHANTOM SUBMARINE

Anita Louise, Bruce Bennett. (Columbia.)

SABOTAGE in the Philippines is the theme of this melodrama, a large part of which takes place on and under the sea.

Bruce Bennett plays an adventurous seafaring hero who, on a search for sunken treasure in the Pacific, comes upon a secret submarine base. It is aimed to prevent United States aid from reaching the Philippines. Anita Louise is a girl reporter who stows away on his vessel.

It's certainly an imaginative story—and generous with its thrills. But the serenely beautiful Anita Louise was an odd choice for the role of hard-boiled newspaper woman.—State; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy.—Liberty; 3rd week.

★★ Tin Pan Alley. Alice Faye, Betty Grable in heart-warming Broadway musical.—Regent; 3rd week.

★ North-West Mounted Police. Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll in spectacular Canadian adventure in technicolor.—Prince Edward; 4th week.

★ Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery in racy domestic farce.—Century; 4th week.

★ Power and the Glory. Katharine Roselle, Lou Vernon in Australian wartime drama of R.A.A.F.—Mayfair; 4th week.

★ Santa Fe Trail. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland in absorbing pre-Civil War adventure.—Plaza; 3rd week.

★ Boom Town. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr in entertaining oil-fields melodrama.—St. James; 3rd week.

Here's hot news!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

DOUG FAIRBANKS, popular young film star, has been given a commission as lieutenant in the United States naval reserve.

Doug will probably not be called up for active service, but, at the request of President Roosevelt, he will soon make a goodwill tour of South America.

The actor is 31 years old. He is married to the former Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford, and they have a year-old daughter, Daphne.

OLYMPIE BRADNA will marry Douglas Whitcomb as soon as she finishes "Highway Waste."

SONJA HENIE wires emphatic denial that the stork is imminent.

FILM star Constance Bennett was married to actor Gilbert Roland last week at Yuma, Arizona. Last November she secured her divorce from her third husband, the Marquis Henri de la Courdaye de la Falaise.

Although Constance has lately been reported interested in the young English actor, Richard Ainley, Roland has been her close friend for several years.

Her latest film is "Legacy." You saw Roland most recently in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune."

Essential to hair hygiene.
EVAN WILLIAMS
Shampoo.
If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 206 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

The Movie World

May 3, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

19



• So prettily demure here as Jimmy Cagney's wife in Warners' small-town comedy, "Strawberry Blonde", Livvy de Havilland now fancies herself as an intellectual girl.

YOU can't turn a corner in Hollywood these days without knocking over a lonely husband. You can't take a quiet cafe meal without having to listen to the sorrows of a neglected beau.

And the reason of it all is good works—which our glamor girls have taken up in the biggest way.

Merle Oberon has been dashing round town with Roz Russell in an armored car, picking up the girls' most costly feminine trinkets to auction for war relief.

Their most unexpected moment was when they received from Mary Pickford a set of sapphire studs and links which she had hoarded since she was the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, sen.

Madeleine Carroll is so busy broadcasting for charity that she has not dined out in town for weeks. Madeleine was, incidentally, the hit of a Greek War Relief broadcast in which the feminine rivalry was intense. Even young Shirley Temple

GLAMOR GIRLS are going in for good works ... in a big way

turned up to that one, dressed in a floor-length gown of white tulle designed to knock spots off the evening creations worn by Madeleine Carroll and Carole Lombard.

Joan Crawford is another refugee from the bright lights—with her balls of wool getting tangled up in her working day as well. The heights, or depths, of concentration were reached when Joan posed for a visiting sculptor and went right on knitting a soldier's sock at the same time.

Any actress who can sing—like Judy Garland—spends her evenings practising for the next benefit,

From CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

which may be in aid of a local orphanage or a home for indigent actors. It was Judy who told me she has lost count of the times she has sung "Over the Rainbow" for the paying customers.

Even when the girls aren't taking part in good works they're going in for higher culture on the side. I met Annie Sheridan coming out of Warners'

and stopped to ask her what she thought of the super-streamlined coupe George Brent gave her for her birthday. But Annie just wasn't interested—she had her textbooks tucked underneath her arm, and she was off to get another Spanish-language lesson from teacher.

After all this it didn't surprise me to hear that playgirl Olivia de Havilland has taken up writing short stories. Knowing Livvy—so demure in films like Warners' "Strawberry Blonde," and so gay in real life—I don't think her craze will last long. But she's being very, very serious about her art. Maybe

she's spurred on by Mary Astor, who has gone back to the authorship stunt again, or by Bette Davis, who says she is writing her autobiography.

I mentioned all this intellectual trippery to Ann Southern when I saw her lunching at the Brown Derby. "Oh, well," said Ann, with a competitive glint in her blue eye. "I'm taking lessons, too—in sewing. I've just bought a new machine."

I dropped in to Fox only to find Alice Faye studying racing form and lamenting the fact that she had given a 23-to-1 winner to the rest of the company, but had forgotten to place a bet herself.

I trekked back to Warners' to find one sound-stage in an uproar because Olympe Bradna was delaying the next scene. Stage-fright? Temperament? Not at all. Olympe is so thrilled with her engagement ring—Douglas Weillhoit, a businessman, is her fiancé—that she insists upon having it about her when the camera won't allow it on her hand. And everything had to wait until the flashing diamond was pinned securely to her slip. You cannot imagine the relief it was to find that our glamor girls can still be girls.

MASTER SEAMAN ...turned actor

BRONZED STIRLING HAYDEN WAS
"DISCOVERED" ABOARD OWN SCHOONER



• From seaman to leading man. Stirling Hayden was a mate and master aboard ocean windjammers before he was discovered by Paramount. No wonder he looks at home in this picture, taken aboard C. B. de Mille's schooner Seaward off the coast of California. In his first film he is a New York sportsman.

• This love scene with Madeleine Carroll for Paramount's "Virginia" introduced Stirling Hayden to acting for the very first time in his life. He had not even taken part in a school play!

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

THREE years ago, any hard-boiled sailor on the Pacific coast who caught sight of a bronzed, golden-haired giant would shout to him across the water . . . "Yoo-hoo! You ought to be in the movies."

To-day, that satiric chaff has come true—and in a way to make all manufactured publicity tales look absurd.

When his ears burned at that "yoo-hoo" shout, Stirling Hayden was 21 years old, had his master's ticket in sail, and owed that "you-ought-to-be-in-the-movies" tag to a Boston newspaperman. This inspired reporter had made the comment—in print—after seeing Stirling navigate the Gloucester schooner Gertrude L. Tebaud in the International Fishermen's race.

Stirling had then been at sea for some seven years.

Son of a Maine newspaperman who died when the boy was nine, he went to school in Maine, and learned how to sail under the coaching of one Cap'n Al McIntyre.

His first job was aboard a schooner which ran from Connecticut to California. His salary was 3/- a month. After that he spent two years fishing on the Grand Banks; then he went into business for himself.

He was a fireman aboard the steamer Florida, making round trips to Cuba, before he got his master's papers. As master of the schooner Chiva, he traded through the West Indies. He took the brigantine Florence C. Robinson out to Tahiti, where he lingered for a few months, and became engaged to the daughter of the United States Consul. It didn't last.

A Boston artist, Larry O'Toole, was in the Florence C. Robinson,

which came just after the "you-ought-to-be-in-the-movies" incident. Stirling could laugh at this now, but Mr. O'Toole didn't forget it.

Two years ago, Stirling bought the schooner Aldebaran, built for the Kaiser before the first World War as the Meteor. His idea was to begin a passenger service between Hawaii and Tahiti. On his way to Boston to outfit her, the Aldebaran ran into a gale off Cape Hatteras and crept into Charleston, South Carolina, almost a wreck.

He was penniless again—but again in his crew was Larry O'Toole, and it was Larry who decided to do something about that "You ought to be in the movies."

O'Toole hunted up the Boston newspaperman who had made the comment. Through this reporter O'Toole contacted a Hollywood agent, to whom he sent Stirling's photographs. The agent took the photographs over to Paramount and showed them to producer-director Edward H. Griffith.

Griffith was just then looking for a man to play the second lead in "Virginia." He

got in touch with Hayden, liked his bigness, fresh good looks, hearty laugh, complete poise. He gave the sailorman a film test—a scene from "Anna Christie." He liked the test so much that Paramount put Hayden under contract, and the next thing he knew he was playing a love scene with Madeleine Carroll in "Virginia."

His smooth acting in this picture has made Stirling a star. He and Dorothy Lamour will shortly be seen in the West Indies island romance, "Dildo Cay." After dropping anchor in nearly every port of the North Atlantic, Caribbean and South Pacific, Stirling has found a home port in Hollywood.

He tops them all

Stirling Hayden is the biggest romantic actor in Hollywood.

Joel McCrea is 6ft. 2in. tall.

Gary Cooper is 6ft. 2½in. in height.

Fred MacMurray is 6ft. 3in.

But Stirling is 6ft. 4in.!

BARBARA STANWYCK KNOWS

her correct color harmony in make-up as created by MAX FACTOR ★ HOLLYWOOD. Natural charm . . . irresistible appeal . . . attractiveness is yours when you follow the example set by the Motion Picture Stars. They know the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick which enhances their natural beauty.

THIS KNOWLEDGE CAN BE YOURS

Fill in the coupon below and learn from Max Factor ★ Hollywood the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick and other essential items for your individual use.

Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade.

BARBARA STANWYCK
PARAMOUNT STAR

Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia Send Max Factor post-size Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps in cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor.

Max Factor
Hollywood • London

Representatives for Australia:
Fred C. James and
Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd.
Box 3962V, G.P.O. Sydney.

NAME	COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
ADDRESS	Very Light	Blue	BLONDE	Dry
	Fair	Grey	Light	Oily
	Creamy	Green	BROWNETTE	Normal
	Medium	Hazel	Light	LIPS
CITY OR TOWN	Ruddy	Brown	BRUNETTE	Moist
	Sallow	Black	Light	Dry
	Freckled	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
	STATE	Light	Light	Dark
	Olive	Dark	Dark	

WWS

Grace Bros Famous

MAY-JUNE BARGAINS

Mail Orders Supplied!

GRACE BROS. PAY FREIGHT on these garments to the value of 20/- and over, to any Seaport in the Commonwealth and Railway Station in New South Wales.



69/-
59/-

MQ1.
WW.



50%
45/-

MR 2.WW.



39/-
35/-

ME5.
WW.



49/-
39/-

ME4.
WW.



29/-
20/-

DQ3WW

NEW BOUCLE COAT

MQ1.WW.—So smart, so deftly fitted, so much more costly looking, this coat of good quality Boucle features a convertible neckline, beautifully fitted back and debonair skirt with new front fullness. Fully lined. In the following colours and sizes:

Beige: SW, W, SOS, OS.
Grey: SW, W, SOS, OS.
Grape Wine: SW, W, SOS, OS, EOS, EEOS.
Black: SW, W, SOS, OS, EOS, EEOS, EEOS.
Navy: SW, W, SOS, OS, EOS, EEOS, EEOS.
Usually 69/11

MAY-JUNE BARGAIN PRICE - **59/11**

A VALUE SCOOP

MR2.WW.—This coat of fine quality Woollen Fabric combines smart appearance with sturdy warmth and wear. Cut on trim figure flattering lines, in practical style for larger fittings. Colours: Black, Navy, Grape, Wine. Sizes: SW, W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. Usually 50/-.

PRICE - **45/-**

WARM AND PRACTICAL!

DQ3.WW.—Of All Wool Coating, tailored on perfect fitting classic princess lines, this coat has all the grown-up smartness that "teen agers" adore. Fully silk lined. The back is box-pleated for extra fullness; 2 pockets. Colours: Saxe Blue, Beaver Fawn, Strawberry and Green.

Lengths: 24", 27", 30", Length: 33", 36".
Usually - - - 29/11 Usually - - - 35/-
MAY-JUNE BARGAIN - **20/-** MAY-JUNE BARGAIN - **21/11**

COAT & FROCK ENSEMBLE

ME4.WW.—There's style and utility in this clever ENSEMBLE OF ALL WOOL JERSEY. The separate long coat has the newest tailored neckline—the flattering, smartly cut back has long sleeves and graceful skirt treatment. Colours: Grape Wine, Victory Tan, Navy, Black, and Arcadia Blue. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, SOS, OS, XOS, Ual. 49/11.

SPECIAL MAY-JUNE BARGAIN - **39/11**

ALL WOOL JERSEY

MES.WW.—Trimly tailored on slenderising lines, this smart frock of All Wool Jersey is designed for women who know the importance of looking smart. Shoulder shirring gives a becoming softness to the bodice. Colours: Grape Wine, Lido, Black, Navy. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS. Usually 39/11.

MAY-JUNE BARGAIN PRICE - **35/-**

GRACE BROS PTY LTD
BROADWAY SYDNEY
Phone M.6506

COLOUR
GUIDE
for
GIRLS
COATS

SAXE
BLUE

BEAVER
BROWN

STRAWBERRY

GREEN

COLOUR
GUIDE
for
COATS
AND
FROCKS

GRAPE
WINE

ARCADIA
BLUE

VICTORY
TAN

LIDO
BLUE

GREY

BEIGE

NAVY

BLACK

Drama of star-crossed love



1 FLIGHTY SHOPGIRL Ray Smith (Margaret Sullivan), in a dull American town, flirts with travelling salesmen who include Harry (Frank Jenks) and Ed (Frank McHugh).



2 ADORED by ambitious Curt (Richard Carlson), Ray is bored by his horseless-carriage invention, refuses to marry him.



3 VISITOR Walter Saxel (Charles Boyer) and Ray fall in love at first sight, but Walter is sailing to marry another girl.



4 ON THE EVE OF SAILING, Walter sends a message offering marriage aboard, but Harry tricks Ray into missing him.



5 FIVE YEARS LATER a married Walter meets Ray accidentally in New York.



6 KNOWING HER LIFE, Ed visits Ray, urging her to give up Walter and return to the still-faithful Curt.

Universal had a good reason

UNIVERSAL decided to remake Fannie Hurst's love-story "Back Street," because the studio had under contract "the ideal stars for the romance." These players, Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer, grow older by 25 years during the course of the film. In the earlier version, Irene Dunne and John Boles took these roles.

Lady Tarbot now cares for little evacuees ...



Lady Tarbot loves children, and has three delightful small daughters. She is a member of the Women's Voluntary Service, and her war work is in connection with children. She goes every day to a nearby Hostel to which crippled children have been evacuated. There she helps with meals, supervises the mending of clothes, and often takes some of the little ones back to her own lovely house to play.

QUESTION TO LADY TARBOT:

Nowadays, of course, you are busier than ever. Do you still get time to give your skin elaborate treatment?

ANSWER:

"I've always used Pond's simple beauty care — deep skin cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, and then Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

QUESTION TO LADY TARBOT:

How do you apply Pond's Cold Cream?

ANSWER:

"I simply pat it on last thing before bed, let it sink into the pores, then wipe it all away, and with it goes the dirt. My skin feels and looks beautifully fresh and soft afterwards."

QUESTION TO LADY TARBOT:

And Pond's Vanishing Cream?

ANSWER:

"Well, I never dream of applying powder or rouge directly to my skin. I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream first. It's a wonderful protection against cold winds, and it makes powder and make-up go on far more smoothly and cling for hours longer."

but despite war strain,
keeps her skin
radiant with Pond's
two creams



YOU CAN FOLLOW THE SAME BEAUTY METHOD AS THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN — POND'S TWO CREAMS

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up ... keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a

powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night after your usual cleansing before bed. Do this every night and soon you will see an amazing difference.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1 1/2 tubes, 1 1/4 jars and generous 2 1/8 jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Inc. S.T.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon Index with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glow-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL	<input type="checkbox"/>	ROSE	<input type="checkbox"/>	MUSTAN	<input type="checkbox"/>
LIGHT CREAM	<input type="checkbox"/>	NATURAL	<input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT NATURAL	<input type="checkbox"/>
POND'S DEPT. (X. 49), Box 1111 L, G.P.O., MELBOURNE					
NAME _____					
ADDRESS _____					

They make up Happy family circle

SOME HOLLYWOOD RELATIVES
DO LEAD NORMAL LIVES

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood



• They could be sisters: On Lana's nineteenth birthday Mrs. Turner (right) dropped in on her attractive daughter on an MGM set. Lana and her mother share a small apartment in Hollywood—even to the household chores.



• Back from touring 18 American cities come Universal's Gloria Jean and her 5-year-old sister Bonnie. Yes, Bonnie wants to be a film star too.



• Spencer Tracy and elder brother Carroll Tracy. Although Carroll acts as Spencer's business manager, it's a fact little known to the fans.



• Together, Greer Garson and her attractive mother, Mrs. Nina Garson, planned the decoration of their lovely new home, situated in Beverly Hills.

YOU'VE heard a good deal about stars' relations breaking into the films, taking over big jobs at a studio, or acting as business managers or chaperons.

But there are in Hollywood, as in every other city, a number of relatives who are contented to remain in the background of a player's life—and who provide the very necessary restful home environment.

A shining example of sisterly devotion is given by Mrs. Edith Heckman, Deanna Durbin's only sister—twelve years older than Deanna.

Edith is the star's dearest friend—and that isn't just a publicity story. Deanna wouldn't rest until Edith promised to be matron of honor at her wedding.

Mrs. Heckman, who still teaches school, has been a second mother to her baby sister. Before Deanna became famous she paid for most of her musical training.

Stolid, spectacled Jack Temple, round-faced George Francis Temple, Jun., and kid sister Shirley are great pals.

When Fred Astaire goes to the races he often takes his mother, Mrs. Ann Astaire, along. His wife doesn't care for the sport.

Mrs. Astaire, sen., a gracious, white-haired woman, with a delightfully cultured English voice, came to live in Hollywood to be near her son.

And I don't know what Virginia Bruce would do without her mother, Mrs. Earl Briggs. Mrs. Briggs is devoted to Virginia's little girl, Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of the late John Gilbert. And when Virginia is away picture-making, mother comes over to keep an eye on Susan.



• Her husband, Gene Raymond, and her elder sister, Blossom (left), whose stage name is Marie Blake, welcome Jeanette MacDonald back from her third annual concert tour of the States.

Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"



Life's more fun... success is surer... for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

WHY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls could have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odour. That's why every girl should use Mum each day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart enough! It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire... that a bath, while it's grand for post-perspiration, can't prevent risk of odour to come!

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration—but by neutralising

the odour. Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day, and the whole lifelong day, too!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress. No delay at all.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Be sure you're safe from underarm odour. Use Mum every day! Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices, 6d., 1/6 and 2/6.

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM



Another Use for Mum. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



FOR SOUND TEETH IN A WELL FORMED MOUTH-

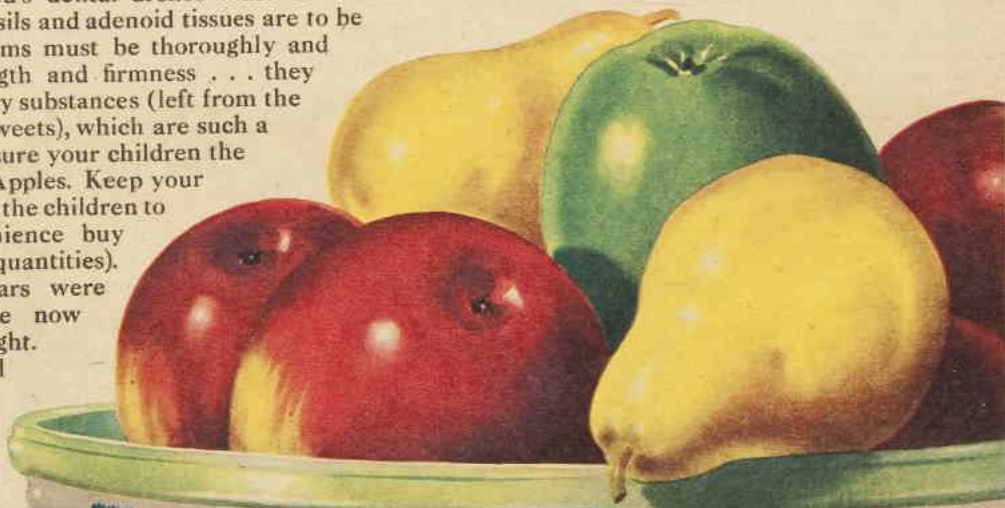
**Every child should
munch Apples
every day..**



"After Every Meal" writes University Lecturer in Preventive Dentistry. Here is his advice:

"The eating of an Apple AFTER EACH MEAL: (1) Cleans the teeth of sticky matter which causes dental decay. (2) Causes a copious flow of saliva which is so necessary for digestion. (3) The mastication of Apple provides the teeth with the functional stimulus necessary for the health of teeth and the full development of the jaws, dental arches and nasal passages. THIS IS OF PARTICULAR IMPORTANCE TO YOUNG CHILDREN, otherwise trouble may ensue with tonsils and adenoid tissues.

MUNCH! Munch! Watch a child bite deep into a crisp, juicy apple. You will understand why, in these days of soft, prepared foods, Apples are so important to children. They are one of the few foods that give young jaws, teeth and gums the work they need. A child's dental arches must be well developed if troubles from tonsils and adenoid tissues are to be avoided . . . his teeth and gums must be thoroughly and regularly exercised for strength and firmness . . . they must be kept clean of the sticky substances (left from the eating of biscuits, cakes and sweets), which are such a cause of dental decay. ¶ Ensure your children the benefits from regularly eating Apples. Keep your fruit bowl filled and encourage the children to help themselves (for convenience buy Apples in case or half-case quantities). Remember, Apples and Pears were never better than they are now when the season is at its height. You will find them delightful in flavour . . . excellent in value. Buy some to-day.



**KEEP YOUR
FRUIT BOWL
FILLED WITH**

APPLES & PEARS



APPLE MERINGUE

- 2 cups stewed apples.
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg.
- 1 tablespoon butter.
- 2 tablespoons powdered sugar.
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon.
- 3 eggs.
- Lemon Juice.
- 1 teaspoon flavouring.

Add the spices to the hot apples, then the beaten yolks, butter, sugar and lemon juice. Beat until light. Cook ten minutes in a hot oven. Take from oven, cover with a meringue made of beaten whites of eggs, powdered sugar and flavouring. Brown lightly and serve cold with cream. If desired, pie-dish can be first lined with shortcrust paste as illustrated.

FREE RECIPE BOOK..

A new edition of the Apple and Pear Recipe Book is now being printed. Write your name and address in the Coupon below and post it, with a penny stamp to cover postage to the nearest office of—

THE APPLE AND PEAR MARKETING BOARD:

Queensland—Box 6211, G.P.O., Brisbane.
New South Wales—Box 345, G.P.O., Haymarket.
Victoria—Box 20925, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.I.
Tasmania—57 Collins Street, Hobart.
South Australia—Box 909F, G.P.O., Adelaide.
West Australia—66 St. George's Terrace, Perth.

Name _____

Address _____

FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 3, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

25

Inspired by NATIONAL COSTUMES

● Designers filch ideas from the colorful national dress of the Welsh, South Americans, and Balinese.

Designs by
PETROV



● For a young thing—a frock of navy-blue wool jersey lined with an apron and collar of red, grey, and light blue plaid, and a vivid red wool shawl. The traditional Welsh hat is tied on with matching plaid.

+ +

● Brazilian singer Carmen Miranda has popularised the rumba frock. This slinky bare-midriff model is done in cholo-rose crepe, and bursts into ruffles lined with poison-green at the knees and shoulders.



South



● The superb poise and exotic charm of a Balinese beauty is captured in this draped dinner gown of batik-red silk jersey with elaborate blue embroidery on the bodice, and necklet, collar and cuffs of cut-out gold kid.



Balinese

P E T R O V



SUNDAY
MAY 11TH
IS MOTHER'S DAY

*Mother
is still a girl
at heart*

SHE WOULD LOVE
SOMETHING
BEAUTIFUL BY

KAYSER

For subtle flattery . . . exquisite stockings, or cosy winter lingerie. They'll whisper the things words can't say . . . will tell her she's adorable and you love her!



FEATURING the long torso line and a snug, high neckline, this little jumper will be a popular style with fashion-conscious tennis enthusiasts.

Tennis Style with fresh charm

MATERIALS: 7oz. of "Nursery Viyella" knitting yarn, 3-ply; 2 No. 11 and 2 No. 12 "Viyella" knitting needles; a spare No. 11 needle; 2 zipp fasteners 4 inches long.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19in.; bust, 33in.; sleeve seam, 4in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; beg., beginning; tog., together.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.; 12 rows to 1in. (i.e. 3 complete patterns measure 4 inches).

THE POCKET

With No. 11 needles cast on 24 sts. and work in st.-st. 1 row plain, 1 row purl for 3in. Leave sts. on spare needle.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 115 sts. Work 10 rows in moss-st. (k 1, p 1 to last st., k 1) and 10 rows st.-st. Change to No. 11 needles. The pattern now used throughout is 8 rows moss-st. and 8 rows st.-st. Work in pattern increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until there are 139 sts. (6 complete patterns from where needles were changed). Work 18 rows without shaping.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, cast off 3 sts. at beginning of following 2 rows, then decrease at both ends of every row until 111 sts. remain. (End of moss-st. block).

Next Row (pocket opening): With right side of work facing k 2 tog., k 18, cast off 24 sts., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Purl across next row, purling across pocket lining sts. to replace those cast off (109 sts.).

Continue in pattern until 10 blocks (80 rows) have been worked from commencement of armhole. Work a further 2 rows in pattern, then shape shoulders:

1st and 2nd Rows: Knit to last 8 sts.

3rd and 4th Rows: Knit to last 16 sts.

5th and 6th Rows: Knit to last 24 sts.

7th Row: K to end.

Cast off remaining sts.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 101 sts. Work 10 rows moss-st. and 10 rows st.-st. Change to No. 11 needles and work in pattern as given for front, increasing at each end of every 8th row until there are 125 sts. Work 16 rows without shaping.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, cast off 3 sts. at beginning of following 2 rows, then decrease at both ends of every row until 97 sts. remain.

Continue without shaping until armhole is same depth as front armhole. Work shoulder shaping as given for front.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles cast on 91 sts. Work in pattern for 48 rows. To shape top, cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog at both ends of every alternate row for 46 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work very lightly. Join all seams. Set in sleeves and sew zipp fasteners along shoulders. Press all seams.

SHE'LL LOVE THE LUXURY OF
KAYSER Hosiery

Mother can remember when she was a glamour girl—she'll adore the silken frivolity of Kayser Mir-O-Kleer Stockings. Perhaps she'd prefer the practical new Kayser Twyn-Sylks—the marvels for wear.

102X SERVICE SHEER . . . 4/11
One of Kayser's popular new "Twyn-Sylk" economy stockings—pure silk with rayon for extra wear! Smart service sheer in a full range of lovely Kayser colours.

605X SERVICE WEIGHT . . . 5/11
A very practical full service weight that wears—and wears! Pure silk cleverly reinforced with rayon. Very practical—very appreciated.

88X MIR-O-KLEER . . . 5/11
A stocking Mother will love. 88X is a Kayser pure silk Mir-O-Kleer sheer with neat lace welt. Very smart and dependable. All Mother's favourite colours.

11X MIR-O-KLEER SHEER . . . 6/11
An attractive pure silk sheer with a deep lace welt. Kayser's Mir-O-Kal high twist gives extra strength . . . extra wear. All new colours.

HER HEART WILL THRILL
TO A GIFT OF

"Warmees"

There's a winter of warmth and well-being in each gift of Kayser Warmees. She'll be charmed by such comely comfort and touched by your thoughtful care!

KITTEN-SOFT KAYSER NIGHTGOWNS . . . 12/11
Style No. 1194—One of the lovely new tailored nightgowns. The fabric is luxuriously soft "Kay-Suede" with wool lace-edged revers. Other Kayser Nightgowns from . . . 9/11

A COSY BED JACKET FOR MOTHER . . . 11/6
Kayser suggests this charming Jacket No. 1177 (illustrated at right) in the new Glo-Warm fabric. Features a tailored collar edged with wool lace and softly gathered sleeves. It's "K-Shrunk" . . . that means an end to washing worries! Other lovely Bed Jackets from . . . 7/11

VESTS AND KNICKERS . . . 4/11 ea.
There's a winter of warmth in Kayser's style 150-160 wool and silk Vest and Knickers. Pretty all-over pattern and wool lace edging. Other Vests and Knickers from . . . 2/11

COSY PYJAMAS . . . 16/11
A happy choice! Kayser's style No. 1185 Coat-type pyjamas in "Kay-Suede." Button up front, torn down collar, picot edged. Other Pyjamas from . . . 11/6

IF THEY'RE

"K-Shrunk"

WASH THEM HOW YOU PLEASE
Introduce Mother to the modern miracle of unshrinkable wool and wool-and-silk lingerie! A Bed Jacket or Nightgown bearing the "K-Shrunk" label will win double thanks . . . for the way they look and the way they'll wear!

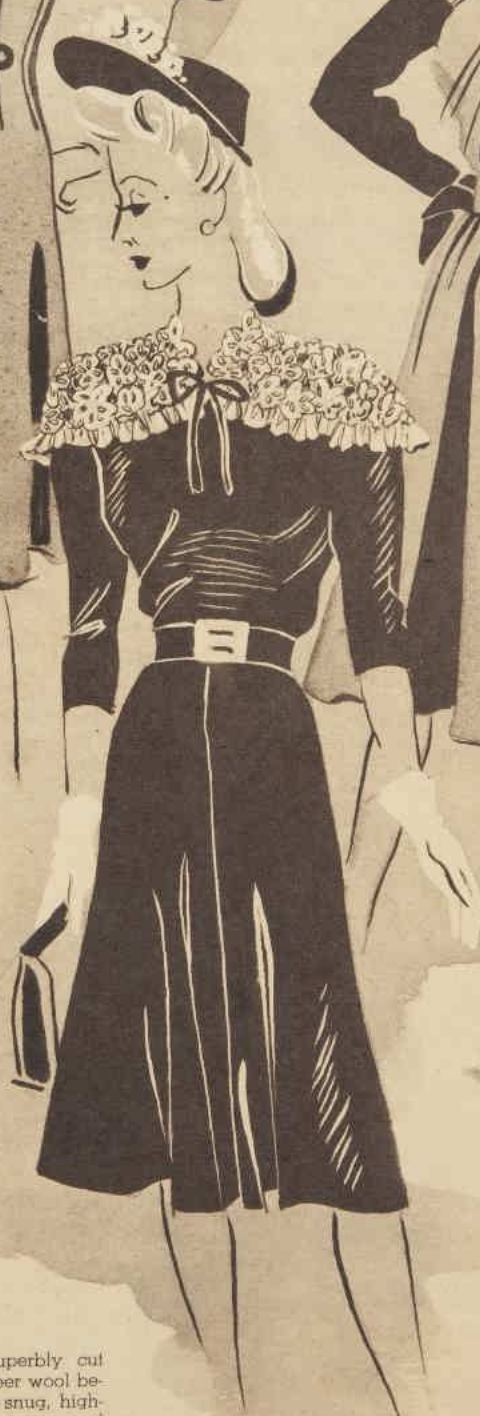
GOING TO TOWN in important monotones

• A beige wool frock with insets of nigger-brown features a divided front pep-um that cleverly gives it the appearance of a suit.

• The tailored and slightly-military trend is interpreted in a frock of soft grey angora with a trim of navy angora revers and appliqué.



• Simple yet superbly cut frock of black sheer wool beglamored with a snug, high-fitting collar of ermine and jabot of ermine tails.



• A slender wraith of a frock done in black wool jersey with cross-over draped panels in grey jersey. A wide black belt disciplines the waist.

• Designed for debutante daughters—a young little frock of black wool crepe with an Old-World bertha collar of delicate white wool lace.



Reuter

How to be a Successful Hostess!

THE MOST UNUSUAL RECIPE BOOK EVER PUBLISHED . .

Here's the book you've been seeking for years and now made available to you free by the House of Peck's, manufacturers of "Anchovette" and "Salmon and Shrimp" Fish Pastes. "How to be a Successful Hostess" is more, far more, than just another recipe book. Within its pages is a complete ready reference for the Hostess: "Table Settings"; "Wines, How and When

to Serve Them"; "The Etiquette of Weddings and Engagements"; "Letters and Invitations"; "The Art of Menu Planning"; "Cocktail Mixing"—these are some of the highlights from this fascinating book! Every woman, too, will be interested in the many new recipes which are carefully described and illustrated (several in natural colours). These 40 odd brand-new recipes

offer something entirely new in exciting dishes and cover suggestions for Breakfast, Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, Dinner and Supper. They have been specially created by Home Service experts of the Australian Gas Light Company, and are simple and economical to make. Send in 2d. in stamps for your copy of this wonderful book NOW!

Printed in glowing natural colours!
Chockful of important information!



The Art of MENU PLANNING

ONE of the first requisites of a good hostess is that she be perfectly at ease. This she cannot be unless she is sure that the food she is serving is right. Is it the proper sort to serve at this kind of an affair? Will it look attractive when served?

Plan Wisely

The answer to all these questions depends on her choice of menu and the amount of money she has to spend; the time she can give to food preparation; whether her dining space must be used; what styles she wants; and countless other individual specifications. So, point number one is: Fit the menu to your own particular case and don't attempt more than you can handle comfortably.

DON'T EXPERIMENT. If you want to serve something new, try it out on your family. It's never wise to use a completely new dish for a special occasion, even though the recipe comes from a reliable source. Keep a supply of staple commodities on hand just in case anything should happen!

Variety is Important

Remember that variety in a meal is of great importance; that is, the texture, colour, shape, and flavour of foods served together should contrast with and complement each other.

Texture: Don't serve two creamed vegetables nor a cream soup with creamed meat or fish. When gravies accompany meat, do not serve "sunny" or "yummy" meat.

Shape: Just check yourself to see that the food to go on one plate is not all the same.

Watch Your Flavours

This is most important. Repetition of the same food flavours in a menu should be avoided. Do not end a fruit salad luncheon with a fruit compote, nor start with tomato soup when stuffed tomato salad or baked tomatoes are in the menu. Likewise, a pastry dessert should not follow a meat pie.

Beverages: What to serve as a beverage in any menu will depend on several things: family customs, guest preferences, the food it accompanies, and the weather. Always serve cold water; coffee and tea are invariably popular, but give your guests the opportunity of selection. Wines and such "hard" drinks as beer are frequently welcome, but make certain your guests will be appreciative of such beverages and will not be embarrassed by being teetotalers.

Prepare in Advance

If you have a good refrigerator—use it! Jellied soups, moulded salads, and other desserts can be prepared in advance, washed and frozen, which they

A SURPRISE ON EVERY PAGE!

Here are two of the many exciting new recipes. (At left.) **POTATO CAKES WITH ANCHOVETTE CREAM SAUCE.** A tasty dish for lunch or breakfast, wholesome and nutritious, too! See it described in full in Peck's exciting new recipe book!

BREAKFAST POPOVERS. A savoury hot delicacy to make hubby's mouth water. Speedily baked in 10 minutes. See complete recipe on Page 5 of "How to be a Successful Hostess."

Put Peck's pastes on your shopping list! Ask for either Peck's "Anchovette" or Peck's "Salmon and Shrimp" Fish Pastes, now made in Australia. Packed in glass, Peck's Pastes are more economical because, being highly concentrated, they "go further" and their purity makes them keep well when opened. Ideal for kiddies' lunches, they're so nutritious!

Available in four sizes everywhere—
1oz. JUNIOR, 1½oz. MIDGET, 2½oz. MEDIUM, 3oz. TALL.

FOR FREE BOOK MAIL THIS COUPON . . .

To Harry Peck & Company (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,
Mentmore Avenue, Rosebery, Sydney, N.S.W. Box 20, P.O., Waterloo.
Sirs:—Please send me your NEW BOOK, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS." I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

W.W.P.

PECK'S
Anchovette
and "SALMON & SHRIMP" PASTES
FAMOUS IN ENGLAND SINCE 1891—NOW MADE IN AUSTRALIA



Accenting the WAIST



● Grey wool, with a full skirt sweeping out from a long, tucked bodice. At the neckline and wrists are crisp flashes of white pique. By Muriel Bellamy. (Top left.)

● A Cresta model of triple ninon scattered with brilliant flowers. The gathered bodice and the straight, pocketed skirt conspire to make the waistline minute. (Top right.)

● Dinner gown designed by Jean Dessès in shadowy black lace, moulded to the figure and shooting out from the knees in billowy fullness. (Extreme left.)

● Dull grey crepe cut with a deceptively slim line, for the skirt has a circular swing. The draped bodice and flattering scarf give an Oriental flavor. (Left.)



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

It's child's play...
**keeping colours
 gay and sunny
 with
 Persil**

Kiddies' jolly colours... your own flimsy frocks—what a joy to wash them all in Persil! Those oxygen-charged suds are so thorough that you never have to rub—rubbing wears things out, but Persil's suds are kindness itself. Gently they float out every trace of ingrained dirt—yet waste no time about it! And as Persil washes perfectly in cool water there's little chance of colours running.

So if you want your things to last... and your colours to keep on blooming, use Persil—to-day, next week and always!



P.65.1WW

**WANT YOUR SKIN TO STAY
 LOVELY? LUX TOILET SOAP'S
 FRAGRANT LATHER LEAVES
 SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND
 DISCREETLY PERFUMED. MY
 DAILY LUXURIOUS LUX TOILET
 SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS A JOY.**

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Virginia Bruce

starring in Universal's
 "THE INVISIBLE WOMAN"



Lux Toilet Soap is Super-creamed—has a special cream blended into the tablet, to cream while cleansing the skin.

OF COURSE I WANT MY SKIN TO STAY LOVELY. THAT'S WHY I'M SO KEEN ABOUT MY DAILY HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY BATH... JUST LIKE VIRGINIA BRUCE! AND I FIND LUX TOILET SOAP LASTS SIMPLY AGES!



A LEVER PRODUCT.

A.180.1WW

Fashion PATTERNS

F2853.—Enchanting little skating frock with minute contrasting bolero. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. for frock, and 1yd. for bolero, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1900.—Effectively simple frock with matching, fur-trimmed box jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. for frock, and 1½yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1048.—Dashing new housecoat with tailored top and flowing skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3256.—Smartly tailored jodhpurs and blouse for young things 10 to 16 years. Requires 1½yds. for blouse, and 2½yds. for jodhpurs, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3253.—Dainty, lace-trimmed blouse that is ideal for your winter suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1766.—Designed for business girls—a trim style with buttons marching down the back. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3240.—Slender and elegantly draped day frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Special Concession Pattern

INTERESTING trio of autumn suits. Cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1: Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 3: Requires 1½yds. for jacket, and 1½yds. for skirt, 54ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under—

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 408P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 135, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 150, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN STATE
SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 3/8/41



Don't keep on
powdering your nose
when you're out
with him!



Best way to overcome "shiny nose"—use Revelry, the face powder that has extra cilaq.

Revelry



FREE SAMPLE

A smart little box of Revelry Face Powder, handling size, absolutely free. Just clip this advertisement, attach your name and address, and send to: J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD., Box 3338 RR, G.P.O., Sydney.

Plus Smart Shades: Rachel, Apricot, Peach, Sultana, and Natural.

Y.2.32

Goodbye to GREYNESS

Banish grey hair quickly with INECTO RAPID. Eighteen shades to match nature's own colours, from deep black to light blonde. Cannot be detected. Will not fade, wash or brush off, soil hats or bed linen. Colours in nature's way, from inside the hair. Consult your hairdresser, or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each bottle. Buy back ten years of your life with

INECTO
Rapid
HAIR COLOURING

Needlework Notions

Make this color-gay TRAY-SET

● If you're proud of your charming pretty little set, and even if you're not very expert at needlework you will find it quite simple to do.

THIS delightful design lends opportunity to use all the most vivid and attractive shades in embroidery. The conventional design looks lovely in vivid blues, cardinal reds, deep yellow and gold, vivid greens, accented with black. The edges are spoked-ready for crochet, or lace trimmed, whichever may be preferred.

The stitches used are satin-stitch, stem-stitch, button-hole, and french knots, all very simple and easy to do. The set consists of the traycloth, size 11in. x 17in., the tea-cosy, size 13in. x 10in., and the serviette, size 11in. x 11in.

The shades available in best-quality sheer linen are white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, and green. Price of three-piece set is 6/3, plus 6d. postage. Or individually, centre 2/3, cosy 3/6, and serviette 1/-, plus 3d. postage each item.

Cottons for working may also be obtained for the price of 24d. per skein.



YOU WILL love making these bibs for baby, and even if you're not very expert at needlework you will find them very simple to do.

TRIO OF SWEET LITTLE BIBS

PRACTICAL little bibs scattered with cunning little touches of embroidery.

No. 1 is a dainty floral chain effect, with scalloped edge, and ties at the back of the neck. It is traced on the best-quality winceyette in cream, blue, pink, mauve, lemon, and green. Priced at 6d. Plus 1d. postage.

No. 2 is a longer design, and comes waist-length. The scattered floral motif gives a dainty touch, and it is fastened at the back of the neck, and then with a ribbon to match around the waist. This is also in

winceyette in shades stated above. Price 1/-, Plus 1d. postage.

No. 3 is again a small bib, but of unusual shape. It also features a small floral working, to be done in pastel tones. All stitches used in these three bibs are very simple and comprise mainly stem-stitch, buttonhole, and french knots. This design is in the same shades as stated in Nos. 1 and 2, and is priced at 6d. Plus 1d. postage.

All three bibs may be procured at a reduced price by purchasing the three for 1/10. Plus 1d. postage.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 328A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 695F, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O., Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 408W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St., or Dalson House, 115 Pitt St., Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



No. 84. This adorable frock is made up in wool crepe or winceyette in the daintiest pastel shades.

COSY FROCK FOR WINTER

THIS very dainty and unusual style may be now procured from our Needlework Department, all ready traced on the new wool crepe or on warm winceyette.

The design itself is very new and features the high yoke and pleated skirt attached. The neckline is finished with a small Peter Pan collar, and the short sleeves are full and roomy. The working is not of the usual floral type for this frock, but smart and easy-to-do cross-stitch. The frock is available in wool crepe in blue and pink in lovely shades, and in winceyette, cream, blue, pink, mauve, lemon, and green, mostly pastel and most suitable.

Wool crepe, size 1 to 2 years, is 8/6. Plus 6d. postage. Size 2 to 4 years is 9/6. Plus 6d. postage.

Winceyette, size 1 to 2 years, 3/3. Plus 3d. postage. Size 2 to 4 years, 3/6. Plus 3d. postage.

A paper pattern of the design may also be obtained for the price of 1/- No transfer.



(This is a genuine untouched photograph of the hands of a martyr to rheumatism.)

RHEUMATISM

The terrible penalty of neglect.

Look at those deformed hands . . . fingers knotted and swollen . . . inflamed joints so racked with pain that every movement is torture.

That's just how badly rheumatism, if it is neglected, can cripple anyone.

Rheumatism is caused by weak kidneys failing to remove poisons and impurities from the system, especially uric acid which is deposited in the joints. Gradually the deposits of tiny razor-edged uric acid crystals grow until the joints become inflamed, stiff and enlarged—just like the rheumatic hands shown above. No wonder every movement is agony, when sharp uric acid crystals are tearing into tissue and bone.

De Witt's Pills, by restoring weak kidneys to healthy activity, tackle rheumatic troubles at their very root. With kidneys working normally, uric acid is expelled from the system. The swelling disappears and joints become supple again. Your pain ends, because the cause has been removed.

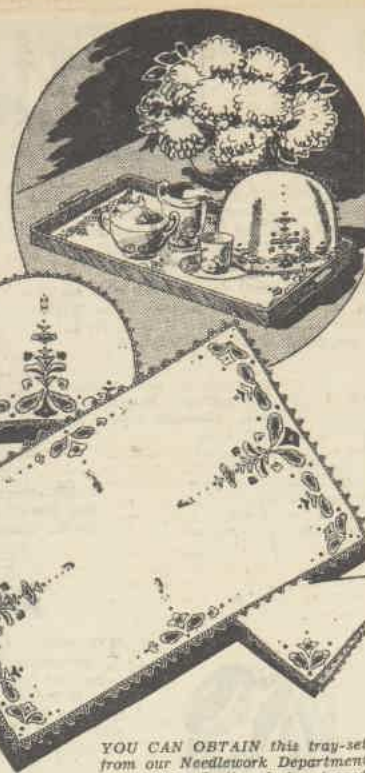
In 24 hours after the first dose De Witt's Pills give you positive proof, from the changed colour of the urine, that they have reached your kidneys—the root of your rheumatic troubles. That is the first and most important step to end crippling rheumatism.

With pain ended, vigour and vitality will return. Then you will soon be feeling and looking years younger.

DeWitt's **KIDNEY AND BLADDER** **Pills**

Approval No. 173

Specialty for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/14 and 6/-.



YOU CAN OBTAIN this tray-set from our Needlework Department now, with effective design traced on sheer linen.



LASTING CURLS FOR MODERN HAIR - DO'S

For satisfaction in a modern hair-do, insist on your hairdresser using Eugeneol sachets. Only Eugeneol sachets will give you long-lasting curls, soft and truly adaptable to glamorous styles!

eugène

There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

Sole Distributors:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
All States



For Baby's bath...

THE PUREST SOAP IN THE WORLD

YOU can look right into the heart of a tablet of Pears—its purity can be seen. That clear transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pears is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin.



10.210.21



IN THE CENTRE OF INTEREST

Right in the heart of Melbourne, the Victoria is handy to theatres, main shopping centres, trains, trams, and business and professional centres. Luxurious and comfortable, the Victoria is Melbourne's most popular hotel, and the largest non-licensed hotel in Australia. Each year more than a quarter million guests enjoy the Victoria's comfort, luxury, and convenience, as well as the special guest service which cares for your every need.

THE VICTORIA PALACE

MELBOURNE'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL
215 LITTLE COLLINS STREET - NEXT TOWN HALL

S. D. HORNE
Manager



"ROOM ONLY"
DAILY TARIFFS
Singles - 5/- to 10/-
Doubles - 8/- to 16/-
Suites, Family Rooms, etc.
Full Catering Services.

Delightful humor of young soldier's letters



Here's the book that made England smile in days of danger

Just arrived by air mail from England is the book "Dear Mother," which has made all England laugh.

Private Willie is the 1941 prototype of the famous Old Bill of 1914.

Willie is in a continual spot of bother with his superior officers, but his racy comments on Army routine make tonic reading.

BEFORE enlistment Willie was a dustman, but he writes with some indignation about his army job of fatigue work.

Here are some extracts from this most amusing book from which the witty illustrations by Ian Peterson are also reproduced.

"They copped me for a fatigue, which was scrubbing out the recreation room."

"Crums, it was about an inch deep in mud. I ask you what's the good of getting women to join up and giving them peach uniforms when real soldiers like me and Sid has to go down on their hampbones scrubbing."

"Why don't they mobilise a few battalions of charladies to do that kind of work?"

"The Prime Minister is right; there's a lot of things to think about when you go in for a war."

"Dear Mother . . . We have copped seven days' C.B. This means con-

fined to barrack, which is punishment for a crime, but you don't have to get the wind up as your loving son ain't a criminal . . . not yet, anyhow, because pretty nearly everything in the army is a crime."

"For instance, if an officer speaks to me and I answer him back too quick that might be a crime, but if I don't answer him because I am thinking up a good excuse that's a crime, too . . . dumb insolence."

After six weeks in the army Willie confesses that it isn't as easy a job as emptying dustbins.

Too many fatigues

"THERE'S a lot of things to learn, and I been trying hard to learn them on account of I want to get a stripe. The reason I want to get a stripe is because private soldiers, especially me and Sid, click for too many fatigues. By way of a change I'd like to be one of the blokes what dishes out the fatigues."

Night manoeuvres occupy Willie's attention, and he records:

"Sorry I haven't wrote for such a long time, but this is owing to night ops, which is army for overtime without pay."

"Seems as if there is going to be a lot of night work in this war, which is something I didn't bargain for . . . They don't seem to have heard about the eight-hour day in the army."

"The country ain't the quiet place it's cracked up to be."

"I don't see how they make that out with cows mooing and sheep baaing all day. At night you can't get a wink of sleep for the owls. They hoo, hoo, hoo in base, baritone, treble, and alto, and some with bad colds. I know now why they call them owls."

"When there's nothing between your face and the ground it don't seem half a long way off. Why



"Will you want me to scrub your back?"

wasn't the ground made waist-high in the first place?

"I don't mind the ten-to-twelve guard shift, because there are always the late pass men coming in, and the officers who are a lot sportier round midnight than they are at midday."

"Why would a spy try to get in the front gate of the camp when there's half a dozen holes in the



"I might be able to hit a bull if it was the kind that lives in a field."

hedge where the blokes who have overstayed their leave get through?

"On late sentry duty you start stargazing, but that don't do you much good. These here astrologers don't half exaggerate. Look at the Milky Way, for instance, it's only like a bit of mist. It certainly ain't nothing at all like that time I pushed in the cap of the milk bottle while I was wearing my best blue suit."

"They're up to all sorts of tricks in the aristocracy. I don't know why. For instance, our kernel is the Earl of Remys. He pronounces it Reams, like the French Cathedral. His daughter is the Hon. Fanny St. John, pronounced Sinjon, but there ain't nothing religious about her, according to the newspapers. I tell you it ain't half complicated."

"We sing songs about the officers, too. There's one that starts off with a liable on the general and runs down every rank, including the privates. It's a good job the German Army

Some of Willie's wisecracks

"To get a stripe in the army you have to be good, but not too good."

"It'd be pretty hard going talking to a skirt if you had to say something different every time you opened your trap."

"You can tell our lieutenant is a Nob by the way he parts his name on the side. We call him Tripe for short."

"When you're living twelve in a tent you can't so much as change your mind without letting everyone know."

"It don't seem right to go to bed in muddy boots, but hobnails will always be a better argument than corns."

can't hear us, they'd think the whole British Army was crackers."

"Can you imagine a German company being allowed to sing lullabies about its officers?"

"During our sham attack they said I was wounded three times—once in the trench, once in no man's land, and the third place is a military secret. The sergeant said I was horse de combat, which is French for fini."

"Dear Mother." By Douglas Comp-ton James.



"I'm trying hard to learn, because I want to get a stripe."

Radio announcer was once a gold prospector

Goldmining; trumpet playing in a dance orchestra; short-story writing . . .

These have all played a part in the picturesque career of young Oscar Mason, heard recently on 2GB. He is an announcer in the night sessions.

WHEN he left school at the age of 15 Oscar Mason made up his mind to become a musician. He studied the trumpet, and later obtained a few engagements in dance orchestras.

However, he soon decided that he did not wish to continue as a musician and he took to wandering, mainly in the country districts of Victoria. Those were the depression years, and like many a young man, Oscar Mason went seeking gold.

He realised, however, that there was no easy fortune awaiting him as a goldminer, in spite of the tales of old-timers "that there was more gold in the country than had ever been taken out of it."

At other times he took odd jobs in the country, although he rarely lasted more than 48 hours at these.

All this, however, was to provide valuable experience and to provide him with much material to draw on in his story writing, with which he has had marked success.

One day he decided that he would like to be a radio announcer, so he

did a round of the various broadcasting stations in Melbourne.

His first visit was to the office of a Victorian broadcasting network, where he found a station manager from the country urgently searching for a radio announcer.

He was given an immediate audition, engaged on the spot, and

told to leave immediately for the bush.

The result was that he was on the air for the first time in his life a few hours later.

After four months he returned to Melbourne to take up a position as announcer on a city station. Later he went to Newcastle as studio manager, and then to Sydney. Today he is on the announcing staff of 2GB.

Gifted with a pleasant and distinctive voice, Oscar Mason adds further strength to 2GB's team of announcers, and while for the moment listeners hear him in the role of straight announcer he hopes yet to realise an ambition of appearing as compere.



"Where's the bomb? he asks."



Schnapper . . . Jewish . . . Flathead . . . Up they come from 25 fathoms below, while Victor Watts and Peter Murphy pack them in ice. A tough job—but it doesn't worry Vic and Peter. Vic says: "We work up to our knees in ice all night, but we always keep a hot jug of Bonox handy. It keeps out the cold better than anything." Bonox pours new strength into your bloodstream. Bonox builds up your resistance and keeps your head above the flu line. Drop into any hotel, cafe or milk bar and have a steaming cupful of Bonox . . . Or buy some on your way home to-night.



OSCAR MASON, announcer in the night-time sessions of 2GB.



Keep alert all day long with healthful delicious Wrigley's Chewing Gum

When your work is tiresome, it is time to chew delicious WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It refreshes you, helps you to concentrate and soothes frayed nerves. WRIGLEY'S also gives your gums and teeth the exercise they lack because of modern, soft foods.

Chew healthful WRIGLEY'S regularly after every meal. Notice how your facial muscles become strengthened, and your face and chin tend to retain

their natural contour. Three delicious flavours—P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different).

Never be without a supply of WRIGLEY'S in the house. Keep an extra supply for the children. They love it. Buy some to-day. Every package of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM is as big in benefits as it is small in cost. Take your change in Wrigley's.

WRIGLEY'S

Three Delicious Flavours for Your Choice. An Australian Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU21

Honors Easy

Continued from page 6

"We are in great trouble," the officer explained. "The King is very ill. I think he dies. We have the best doctors. They have come down from the hills, they have tried everything. They have cupped him, they have got blisters, they have taken the blood, they have done everything. But he gets worse."

The magic words "the King" fell gratefully upon Mr. Mullins' ears. He could forgive the fact that he had been metaphorically brushed aside.

Cyrus blanched a little as he heard of the remedies which had already been applied, but he came promptly to the rescue.

"I'll be glad to see anyone, sir," he said. "Anything I can do to help. It doesn't matter to me whether he's a King or whether he's a stevedore, but if you're in trouble I'll do all I can."

The officer bowed: "Please wait here," he said to Mr. Mullins, with a wave of his hand indicating the one wooden armchair, "and you, sir," to Cyrus Jackson, "will you please come with me?"

"Well, that was a near thing," said Cyrus Jackson that night at dinner on board the yacht. "It may still be a near thing, but thank heavens I've got all their old wise men out of the place. Believe me or believe me not, they were applying leeches when I went in and the old man with hardly a drop of blood left in his body!"

"It was lucky," observed Mr. Mullins sourly, "that I was able to take a carriage and drive down to the quay and send you your bag with everything you wanted. You wouldn't have been able to do anything without all your stuff."

"Eh? No, that's right," said Jackson. "Well, excuse me, Mr. Mullins, I'd better be getting back. It's going to be a tricky business and I'll stay up at the palace."

And so meek was Mr. Mullins at the sound of the magic words "the palace" that he did not ask how he was going to live through the night, in case he felt a bit fluttery, without the best doctor in New York to attend him.

And after all, it was worth it. It was all a huge success. There was not the smallest doubt about it that however jealous the local medical fraternity might be, Cyrus Jackson saved the King's life. Of course, it was all very good publicity, and the cables all over the world were kept busy, and Mr. Mullins, that staunch Republican, was applauded as the saviour of monarchy, and even Cyrus Jackson's name somehow crept through into print.

And the S.Y. Columbia lay in those deep jade waters, riffs dwarfed by the magnificent cliffs, for a whole fortnight while that tough old brigand the King slowly regained his strength and was able to curse once again at the relations gathered round his bedside.

Eventually the tincture world

cabled frantically to Mr. Mullins saying that it needed him, and as the King was by then recovered and Mr. Mullins was far too shrewd a business man to risk an anti-climax, the Columbia prepared to sail, but not before both he and Doctor Jackson had dined with the King at the palace.

It was a curious dinner, full of garlic and bits of india-rubber which Mr. Mullins quite rightly suspected of being bits of octopus, and it was washed down with heavy, heady wine, very different from the Scotch which was Mr. Mullins' usual drink. But not everyone has dined intimately with a king, even seated on his left hand; for Doctor Jackson had the seat of honor. And Mr. Mullins knew that a good thing had come his way.

The King, looking like a patriarch from centuries earlier, his white moustaches trailing against a face that once again showed a warm brown hue, saw them off himself in the hall of the palace.

It was not, let us be frank, much of a palace. It would have been considered a small house on Fifth Avenue, and a decent-sized house in Brooklyn.

There was a room at the back entirely devoted to the King's uniforms, which hung in glass cases. He was a colonel of nearly every regiment in Europe, including those of Great Britain. Down the centre of the room were glass showcases filled with all his medals. It would have needed two elephants to carry them if they had been fastened with tinctures to the elephants' hides all over their bodies.

The walls were hung with masses of photographs depicting every Royalty in Europe, for this was before what has up till now been called the Great War, though, of course, it may prove only to be the greatest war but one.

The whole of Europe in those days was one large and beautifully well-mannered tea-party of royal relations. All the photographs were of kings, queens, or reigning princes, and all the men were seen either in uniform or in Norfolk jackets, spandrels lying at their feet, and all the ladies were in Court dress or more roughly—sitting on the body of a dead stag wearing, over a tight fringe of curls, a little homburg hat with a feather in it.

Everything was very pleasant and very intimate, though the old brigand King of Gaysnakin had been admitted into this close corporation not through ties of blood, but through ties of marriage, and because of his own courage and dauntlessness, and the manner in which he, a brigand chief from the mountains, had made himself a kingdom out of some two thousand square miles of that rocky land.

As Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson finished expressing their admiration of the uniforms, the medals and the signed photographs, the King beckoned to a functionary

whom the two visitors had decided to call "the Chamberlain" (in which, incidentally, they were perfectly correct).

"I wish," said the King, speaking through the officer who had interpreted on the first day, "to make a little gift, a token of my gratitude."

The chamberlain, bowing low, held forward a box which the King opened. He took from it a decoration, and advancing towards Doctor Jackson he pinned it on his tuxedo.

"I bestow upon you," he said pompously, "the Order of Hygiene of my kingdom. It carries with it the rank of baron."

Cyrus Jackson bowed and thanked him, and Mr. Mullins, rather jealous, bowed too, and they got out somehow backwards, a method of walking to which they were not yet accustomed, and were driven back to the quay in one of the King's carriages, of which the harness was tied up with string but the coachman was gloriously attired.

When they were back on board the yacht, Mr. Mullins stared at his friend's decoration.

"Pretty tummy," he said. "The sort of thing you'd buy in a five-and-ten-cent store."

"It is not," said Doctor Jackson loftily, gazing at it as it lay in his palm, "the intrinsic value which matters."

And indeed this was fortunate, for the order, which consisted of a white enamel centre-piece, was surrounded by red and green tinsel.

BUT Cyrus Jackson and Mr. Mullins—still rather oddly taking second place—had a great success on their return to New York. An order from a king is something, whatever it is made of, and Doctor Jackson wore his very proudly whenever he went out to dinner.

Then, it is difficult to say how, people began to talk, even to snigger, eventually to laugh. What? He had saved a king's life and the king was so mighty, just like these Europeans, that all he gave him was a trumpery bit of tinsel and imitation enamel!

Doctor Jackson retired, and thought the matter over, and the next time he appeared wearing his order, matters were very different.

The red and gold tinsel had been replaced by the best rubies and emeralds obtainable from Cartier's. Slight modifications had been made in the design of the white enamel in the middle, which, incidentally, was now a large baroque pearl; the design was the same, the order was recognisable, but nobody could have said it had been obtained from a five-and-ten-cent store.

The Great War—or was it the last great war but one?—had its day and ceased to be, and the great peace, such as it was, had taken its place, when once again the Columbia (a

new model, she was a motor yacht by now, with a cruiser stern) entered the waters of Gaysnakin.

The king had managed—nobody knew how—to retain his kingdom, and Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson landed in the best of spirits and marched up to the palace to write their names in the book, which they knew by now was the sort of thing that had to be done.

An hour later a royal messenger arrived on board bearing an invitation to dinner that night. Proud and pleased, Doctor Jackson affixed his beautiful Cartier order upon his evening clothes and he and Mr. Mullins took their places with dignity in the carriage sent for them. The harness was no longer tied up with string and the coachman had had a new suit.

Was it, Doctor Jackson wondered, his imagination or did the old King, who looked in the best of health, give a slight start as his eyes fell on the Order of Hygiene?

Dinner went off very well, and in addition to the india-rubber there was the most excellent Rumanian caviare and the wines were better than ever. Yet somehow, Doctor Jackson did not feel quite happy throughout that meal. There was no doubt that the King's eyes strayed more and more to that order. Perhaps, after all, the doctor told himself uneasily, it had not been in very good taste to replace what the King had given him by a copy, however superior.

Yet it was impossible to say that the King was offended. He recalled the old days; he thanked the doctor again warmly for saving his life; he asked about the latest medical discoveries in the United States, and said that he had heard nearly every one in that extraordinary country had a bathroom. Was this true?

Thus the conversation went on, always through an interpreter; the original officer had unfortunately been killed defending Gaysnakin, and a new one who spoke much better English had taken his place and the chamberlain, though older and grayer, was the same.

After dinner the paraffin lamps were lit in the back room and the guests were taken in and realised it was as though they had never been taken away. There were all the uniforms in their glass cases, there were the glittering orders down the middle of the room and there, all round the walls, hung the photographs of royalty.

True, with two or three exceptions, the originals of the photographs had all been assassinated or driven out of their countries or had, more by good luck than good judgment, died in their beds, but the photographs still stared blandly forth, the spandrels held their accustomed places and the dead stags lay quiescent beneath the weight of the royal ladies with the fringes and the homburg hats.

THE time came when the King rose, as a signal to his guests to depart. And, he could not tell why, Doctor Jackson felt a little sensation of relief. He had not really been at ease the whole evening. It seemed to him that his confounded order became more and more noticeable and more and more blatant, and the dignity of his host, the dignity not only of a king, but of a peasant, made him feel uncomfortable. It was with relief that he bowed low over the King's hand.

But even as he did so he saw the King's eye fasten with a start, as though for the first time, upon the rubies and emeralds. The King peered closer, lifted the order up and looked at it as though to convince himself that he really saw what he thought he saw.

As for Doctor Jackson, visions of a firing squad at dawn flitted rapidly through his mind.

The King beckoned to the chamberlain, who came forward and bowed. The King spoke rapidly and the chamberlain turned and went towards the cabinet, which he opened.

The officer translated as the chamberlain came back, holding a cardboard box in his hand.

"His Majesty," said the officer, "says that he is prostrated with grief and shame to see how, doubtless because he was not quite recovered, he undervalued your great services when you saved his life before the war. He notices to his horror that he only gave you the Order of Hygiene Second Class. He excuses himself because at that time we knew no better in this country, but since then hygiene has made great steps. He wishes now to confer upon you the Order of Hygiene First Class A 1."

The King took out of the cardboard box an order with an imitation white enamel middle and a red and green tinsel border. It was, it is true, of a slightly different design from the one that had been originally presented to Doctor Jackson.

The King with deft fingers took Cartier's order from the doctor's breast, tossed it carelessly to the officer, and pinned the new order in its place.

"He says," translated the officer, "that he begs you to excuse him, that this wretched and miserable thing he gave you before is, of course, not worthy of your acceptance, and he has given you a new order in its place."

As Cyrus Jackson backed from the room, he saw, out of the corner of an agonised eye, some five thousand dollars' worth of rubies and emeralds being slipped into the King's pocket.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

YAWNING CURE FOR TOOTHACHE!

DO YOU KNOW?

ARMED WARRIORS SPRING FROM DRAGONS TEETH!

AN ANCIENT GREEK MYTH HAS IT THAT WHEN KADMOS SLEW THE DRAGON GUARDIAN OF SPRING ARIA, HE SCATTERED ITS TEETH LIKE GRAIN - AND FROM THE TEETH SPRANG WARRIORS.

FOOD DEPOSITS LEFT BETWEEN TEETH CAUSE BACTERIAL MOUTH

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

1/3 AND 2/4

ANCIENT DRUIDS GAVE THE FOLLOWING CURE FOR TOOTHACHE: "FOR TOOTHACHE (TOOTHACHE) IF THE WORM EAT THE TOOTH, TAKE AN OLD HOLLY LEAF IN ONE OF THE LOWER UMBLES OF HART-WORT, AND BOIL TWO DOSES PART OF SAGE, POUR INTO A BOWL, AND YAWN OVER IT. THE WORM SHALL THEN FALL INTO THE BOWL."

TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY, KEEPS TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

OLD ENGLISH REMEDY: THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF LEATH WHO DIED WITHOUT MUCH OF REGRET. BUT HE LEFT TO HIS DAUGHTER A BOTTLE OF PORTER, AND A PRIME SET OF COLYNS.

CERTAIN DRUGS HAVE TEETH ON THE EDGES OF THEIR BILLS.

BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, CLEANS AWAY FOOD DEPOSITS THAT START DENTAL DECAY AND EVERY TOOTH IS SURGICALLY AND ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN. TEETH REMAIN LIKE NEW LUSTRE. KOLYNOS LASTS THREE TIMES AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. 1/2" ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Taurians—people born between April 21 and May 22—can be extremely difficult people to get along with.

THE loving nature of Taurians, however, is their strongest characteristic. Through it they often rise to success and happiness or fall to the depths of disappointment and dissatisfaction.

Taurians like to show their feelings. When they love they love passionately, and will do almost anything in their power to please. At such times their generosity can be overwhelming.

But, when they hate, they hate venomously, and can exhibit a degree of selfishness, hurtfulness, and ill-temper which earns them an equal degree of unpopularity.

They can even hurt those they love in these temporary (but violent) fits of temper, particularly if the outburst has been caused by jealousy.

They are really problem people. But if they show the better side of their nature they will repay consideration with displays of affection, generosity and good humor which make them very desirable companions.

Much depends on the degree of self-control which the Taurian is trained to develop in childhood or cultivates in the twenties.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Unspectacular days for most Arians now. Just keep going along constructive lines. May 4 and 5 just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Big days ahead for many, but much will depend on individual wisdom, energy, capability, and character. Seek promotion, favors, friendship, make important changes or decisions. Be cautious on May 4, 5, and 10, but keep busy along constructive lines on May 6 and 7. May 3 very fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Future weeks are more important for most Geminians, but opportunities may now begin to appear, and wisdom, forethought, and energy should be used in helping to turn them to good account. But wait a while for aggressive action. Meanwhile May 8 and 9 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): A good time for semi-important ventures and the stimulation of past enterprise. Hard work and wisdom can produce benefits on May 2 and 10. May 6 and 7 may prove mildly helpful, too.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): Difficulties may predominate at this time, so use caution and try to dodge trouble, upsets, arguments, annoyances, and delays. Be especially careful and patient on May 10. May 4 and 5 reactions will depend on your self.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Go ahead with those plans you've long been contemplating, for their chance of working out desirably is good at this time. Be energetic, optimistic, and confident. May 6 and 7 will probably prove most helpful, but May 2 and 10 should be very fair, too.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Just a week of days for most Librans, but as better times come shortly, energy should be expended in planning for new ventures or changes in the near future. May 8 and 9 just fair. May 3 rather poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Be patient, tolerant, good-tempered, and hard-working. Try to guard against losses, partings, opposition, disappointments, and general upheavals. In short, be as wise and as easy to get along with as you can, especially on May 4, 5, and 10.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Not an especially helpful time, but get busy on all urgent and important affairs unless they can wait for some weeks. Difficult times come in between unless you use caution now. May 8 and 9 best, but don't demand much then.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Keep busy, for you can realize some of your ambitions and desires if you work wisely and confidently. Make the most of May 8 and 9. May 10 next best. Start new ventures, make changes, seek promotion or favors then.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Not a good time for most Aquarians; be cautious. Be on guard against dangers, difficulties, obstacles and delays or worries, especially on May 4, 5, and 10.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Many Pisceans can find the present quite desirable and productive of modest benefits and good fortune. This is especially so in matters set in motion on May 3 and 10. Be cautious on May 8 and 9.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

Week-end With The Family

Continued from page 3

BOB went out to the garage, got the new family car which he had carefully polished up that morning, and drove to the station.

The train came. He saw Laurie almost at once. That first moment when their eyes met there was only a great unguarded joy between them. Then she withdrew her hand shyly.

"I really shouldn't have come, Bob. I feel ashamed now I'm here. It seems almost like aying, and besides, I'm so sure of—of certain facts that I don't think anything could change me. So being here doesn't seem quite fair."

"But you are here," he said. "That's the main point."

He ushered her to the car and drove her, almost in silence, to his home.

"Well, here we are," he said, turning into the drive. "The old place

has been home to me for a long time, so I hope you'll like it."

They went up the walk and over the porch. He opened the screen door and they stepped inside. It was one of the moments Bob had particularly visualised in all his planning. This breathless second when he would see her for the first time under his own roof-tree. Now as they stood alone in the hall something strange happened to him. He was seeing it all as it must look to her.

All his life this had been to him one of the most attractive parts of the house.

Now he saw it as it was: the "reception hall," one of the worst features of an ungraceful architectural era, cluttered with family junk.

His eyes swept the dark worn window-seat running under the window with the stained-glass panel. He shuddered. Why—why, it was hideous! All of it. And he had told Laurie he wanted a home just like this when he married! What would she think? What could he say?

There were quick footsteps coming from the back of the house. A small plump woman appeared at the doorway. Her hair was grey with a permanent wave, which was evidently a product of the local beauty parlor. Her face showed signs of age but her eyes were bright and spirited.

"Mother, this is Laurie Russell." Bob felt the words atting in his throat somehow. "Laurie, this is my mother."

"Well, Miss Russell, we're ever so glad to see you! Joan just went out on a little errand for me and I have to watch something on the stove, so Bob, you show her up to her room and I'll be right along in a minute. I do hope you'll be comfortable."

Bob, carrying the bag, went ahead up the stairs which matched the architectural attributes of the reception hall. A tall old clock stood on the landing. It added a little tone, Bob thought miserably, though it did crowd the space somewhat.

The spare room had always seemed to him a place of elegant comfort. Now he was not so sure. The walnut bed and bureau were neither modern nor antique. The wallpaper still flaunted a deep floral border, and for pictures there were "A Yard of Roses" in a white painted frame and a Gibson-girl composition showing lovers at chess, entitled, "His Move." Bob wished he had thought to take that one down, but like all the rest of the house he had never really seen it until this moment.

"The bathroom's at the end of the hall. Mother will be right up to show you about towels and things."

He stood looking down at her, but he did not take the kiss he longed to, for she was gazing at him as from some strange vantage point, as though she were seeing him for the first time. The look chilled him.

"Maybe you'd like to rest a little before dinner," he said. "Please just feel . . . at home." And then he could have bitten his tongue out.

"Thank you, Bob," she said. "I may take your suggestion. Boston was pretty wild this time. It's—she seemed to be searching for a word, "so quiet here."

Bob went downstairs, still distraught. Quiet. Well, it was good there was one adjective she could find to apply to the place. He looked in at the big living-room which Father and Mother still called "the parlor," then again at the dining-room and its huge marble-topped sideboard with the antlered deer head on the top. Then he groaned. It all shrieked of mediocrity, and yet he had never been conscious of it before, so deeply enfolding had been its happy familiarity.

Joan came rushing in. "Where is she? Didn't she come?"

"Upstairs. Mother's there. You can go up if you like. Just let her get a rest before dinner."

He went out to the porch and sat down, pretending to read the paper. He didn't see a line. His heart was too heavy. What a fool he had been to urge her to come!

Father was home from the office at the lumber yard and dinner was all ready when Laurie came downstairs. Even Father gulped a little and Bob's heart turned completely over at sight of her. As for Mother and Joan, they were already, he could see, her worshippers. He had never seen her look so lovely as she did now in some soft green thing, with her curly hair brushed smoothly back and her eyes wide and smiling.

They all sat down to dinner with Joan asking breathless questions and Laurie answering them in generous detail. Mother sat, flushed from the stove and nervous over Lena-May's serving, at one end of the table; Father, at the other, absorbed completely in his food as he always was for the first ten minutes.

Bob looked at them. His parents. The superlative example of permanent romantic love which he had brought his dearest one to see! There they sat now and Laurie, underneath all her easy graciousness, was watching them. Bob watched them too. He had never noticed before how lined Mother's face was. Had life been as happy for her as he had supposed? Of course she had never got over Sammy's death and Little Hetty's, years ago, but perhaps she carried other heartaches too.

And Father? His great frame was sagging and behind his boisterous joviality was there an unsatisfied note? Was there a wistfulness as of remembered youth as he looked about the table now? Father had always worked so hard. The lumber business was a good one but it took money to raise a family and send children through college! Joan would start next year. Did Father ever wish . . . Bob shuddered within him. He had never known such thoughts before. But now they came rushing upon him.

When the meal was ended at last Father rose, an expectant expression on his face.

"Well," he said, "what about a little music now? Do you play any instrument, Miss Russell?"

"No. I'm sorry. I love music, though."

"Good! Well, now you'll hear some. Get your fiddle out, Bob, and we'll show her what we can do."

"B U T, Sam," Mother said, "it's so soon after your dinner. I thought we'd go out on the porch."

"I can blow just as well now as later. Funny thing, Miss Russell, even when I was taking up the cornet first years ago I could play just after a hearty meal as well as not. Lots of men don't have the wind then, but it doesn't affect me. Let's have a few tunes now before anyone comes in. All ready, Joan?"

In all Bob's golden dreams of Laurie's week-end with them he had never once thought of this horrible probability of the music. And yet how had he overlooked it? Next to his family, Father loved his silver cornet. For twenty years he had been bandmaster; for ten he had led the Sunday school orchestra, not to speak of the Masons' brass quartet. He was now offering their guest his choicest in the way of entertainment. To stop him would be sheer cruelty.

Bob felt his cheeks burn as he told Laurie laughingly that his own fiddling had never got beyond the "Hearts and Flowers" stage.

"Father's so keen on the home orchestra idea, though," he added in an undertone, "that I can't very well refuse him."

Laurie smiled back at him and said nothing.

They went into the parlor. Bob tuned his violin quickly and stood waiting. Father removed the cornet from its velvet-lined case and blew a deafening note or two to test his breath control. Bob, glancing across at his mother, saw her wince. He knew then in one intuitive flash what he had never guessed before. His mother hated the cornet. And Laurie had seen this at once!

Joan took her place at the piano importantly and she and Father thumbed through the music. It was bad enough in all conscience, Bob knew, recalling as he sawed away that Laurie's mother took a box each season at the opera. But he went through it until he could decently suggest stopping. Then he put his violin away with finality and turned to look at Laurie. Her eyes were at the moment upon Mrs. Harold's face, for Mother was speaking.

"Sam," she said, "do play 'The Dream' all by yourself."

Father beamed, but made a small show of deprecation.

"Oh now I don't do solo work any more. You know that, Hetty. Besides, I guess Miss Russell's had about enough!"

"Not nearly enough. Please do, Mr. Harold."

"Well," Father said, pleased as a schoolboy, "of course if you insist. All right, Joan, let's go!"

"The Dream" with variations was rendered, ending triumphantly with an ear-splitting cadenza. Father stood flushed and smiling.

"Not so bad for an old fellow, eh, Bob?"

But Laurie spoke at once. It was amazing how much genuine eagerness she could get into her voice.

"That was wonderful, Mr. Harold! Wonderful!"

There was a ring of the front doorbell, and Joan, blushing deeply, jumped up and ran to answer it.

"Who's that?" Father demanded sternly of the room in general.

"Sh . . ." Mother said, an immediate look of anxiety showing on her face. "I think it's probably the Raymond boy, but I'm not sure."

"Well, I want to know more about that fellow, before he comes here too often. They're new people, Miss Russell. Just bought a place out from town. Seem nice enough but I'd like to be sure . . ."

Joan suddenly appeared in the doorway with a tall, dark youth in her wake.

"Miss Russell, this is Jim Raymond. I guess you know all the family, Jim."

The boy made his greetings pleasantly and then for a moment the two stood together, while Bob with his sharpened senses felt the spell that held them all. For Joan stood radiant as though the light of an early dawn fell upon her. Bob felt his throat tighten.

"Jim wants me to go for a drive, Mother. He's found he has to start away for a trip next week with his family, so this is the last . . . I mean, he can't get away to-morrow night, so . . . would you mind, Miss Russell, if I went . . .?"

"Of course I don't mind!" Laurie said quickly. "We have all to-morrow to see each other."

"Then it's all right?" Joan looked from one parent to the other still with that dewy eagerness as though in a moment the sun would break and flood the world with light.

"Well, take a coat with you," Father said in a throaty voice. "It gets cool enough round midnight."

Mother followed the young people into the hall and they could hear her low voice and the higher reassurances and good-byes.

"So long as he's a careful driver," she said as she came back.

"They're none of them careful," Father stormed. "And we know nothing about this boy. What did you let her go with him for, Hetty?"

Bob stood up hastily.

"I'm not a bad driver, Laurie. Will you risk me for a turn round the countryside?"

"Of course. That would be lovely," Father followed them out on the porch.

"Have you got your coat?" he asked. "It gets cool here in the evenings."

"Father's always afraid someone will catch cold!" Bob said, laughing, as they started. But after that they spoke little. Bob was shaken as always by the power of her nearness. Besides, he feared desperately for her reaction to these first hours with his family. Nothing had gone quite the way he had hoped. But there was still to-morrow.

Laurie was plainly disinclined to talk.

"Do you mind?" she asked. "It's so peaceful, just riding through the night like this with no compulsory chatter."

So there had been nothing of real moment said when they reached the house again.

Mrs. Harold took charge of the guest then and Bob, standing at the foot of the stairs, saw the green dress disappear around the upper landing. She had seemed to like the quiet at least so that was something. She would get a good night's rest.

As for Bob, he could not sleep. He sat until late on the porch smoking one cigarette after the other. At last he too climbed the stairs noiselessly. As he lay in bed he had completely forgotten Joan, but certain creakings from the double bed in the room next to his reminded him. Father would never sleep until he knew she was safely home, and, of course, Mother wouldn't either. The clock struck one. There was occasional low conversation until it struck again. Two.

Father's voice grew loud. He was evidently up and moving about. He opened the door into the hall.

IN an angry, echoing voice, Father then declared: "I don't care! I'm going to call up the boy's family."

"S-s-s-h, Sam, it won't do any good to call."

Father was in the upper hall now, starting down the stairs, and his voice was even louder.

"It's two o'clock and she's not home! I tell you I'm going to do something! And what's more I'm going to lay down the law once for all when she gets here."

Then suddenly there was a loud bump.

"Sam, what are you doing?" Mother asked in an exasperated stage whisper.

"I'm doing what I've been doing for thirty years! Barking my skins on this confounded clock that has no business on this landing. There's no room for it! I've always told you that! And the old fool thing doesn't go anyway. I'm going to take it out of here to-morrow if I'm a living man!"

"You'll do no such a thing! If you'd watch where you're going you wouldn't bump into it!" Mother's voice was edgy and fearful.

Bob's heart was like lead. He had opened his own door slightly and as he looked across the upper hall he could see Laurie's door also open slowly—just a hair's breadth. She was hearing it all. Hearing all the noise and confusion; hearing his parents quarrelling like any two angry people. For that was the way it would seem to her.

Suddenly there was the sound of a car in the drive, then light steps on the porch and the opening of the front door. Joan's voice came up, muted but with keen excitement and happiness breaking through.

"That you, Father? Don't turn off the hall light till I hang my coat up, will you? Oh, Father, I've had the most wonderful time! Where do you suppose we went?"

"Where?" Father's tone had changed to tender curiosity.

"Why, we drove over to that big hotel on the lake and danced. Was it marvellous! And Father, honestly, you'd like Jim if you knew him. Is Mother awake?"

"Why," Father faltered mildly as though quite uncertain on the matter, "I think she is."

Joan flew up the stairs. There were a few more minutes of low conversation, then Joan started for her own room. Father waited in the upper hall.

"Now get to bed as fast as you can," he admonished, "and pull up your down quilt. It's turned cold since midnight."

There was silence at last.

Please turn to page 38

MIRACLE NEW BEAUTY CREAM



DOROTHY LEYLAND explains

Never, never, has there been a cream that could bring your skin such girlish freshness, such rose-bud softness. For Skin Deep is totally different from all beauty creams up to the present! Scientists have only just discovered the vital importance of a non-alkaline cream . . . and the result is SKIN DEEP, this entirely new type of cream.

Non-Alkaline—Totally Different

The moment you apply Skin Deep you'll notice that it feels cooler and smoother, far more refreshing. And in a very short time, you'll see it work miracles in counteracting the Australian climate's coarsening, drying effect on your skin.

87% More Absorbent

Skin Deep doesn't stay on the surface, like most creams, but sinks right in to refresh the underlying tissues. You can give your skin the regular nightly care it needs so urgently, without having to put up with a greasy face at bedtime.



Skin Deep

Atkinsons, London, Sydney

SILVO Keeps Silver New



Much of the charm and beauty of your silverware lies in its soft, radiant sheen! And how well you can preserve that precious surface with SILVO liquid polish. It is clean, convenient, easy to use.



Happy Baby!

To keep Baby happy and contented and to ensure beautiful sleep, use Cuticura Talcum every day. It prevents chafing and irritation and imparts a delightful refreshing fragrance to the skin.



Cuticura TALCUM FOR BABY

Be methodical with your handbag

THERE is no need for handbags to be overcrowded (E. Ruback, 12/4/41) if girls would make a habit of discarding superfluous articles at the end of each week.

It would take only five minutes to clear out tram and bus tickets and shopping lists which seem inevitably to accrue.

Otherwise I think a handbag is perhaps the only place to be certain of finding something exclusively your own, whereas cupboards and dressing-table drawers seem to be everyone's property.

Mrs. M. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Wastes time

I HAVE seen tram guards stand for a few minutes while flappers turn out numerous letters from their handbags trying to find the small purse containing their fare.

It seems ridiculous to fill one's handbag with private letters which, if lost, may cause embarrassment to the owner. If it is desired to keep them they should be locked away.

Another thing, if moderns at-



Irritating habit of searching for fares.

tended to their make-up in the right place—the bedroom—they would not have to carry all their cosmetics with them wherever they go.

Judith O'Connor, Reiby Chambers, Reiby Lane, Sydney.

Inefficient

CRAMMING everything into a handbag is a very untidy habit.

A handbag is usually a fair index of the habits of the owner. An untidy, overcrowded handbag suggests that the woman who carries it is unlikely to be an efficient housekeeper. Into the bargain she probably has an untidy mind.

A woman who cannot keep letters and bills in their proper place—which is not her handbag—is unlikely to keep anything in the house in its proper place. Tidiness is conducive to clear thinking, and therefore to a smooth-running life.

D. Gregory, Norman Crescent, Norman Park, Brisbane.

NO FINAL LEAVE

I AM in favor of "no final leave" for soldiers if they have monthly leave while in training camp.

This would apply only to men in their home States, as those from other States do not get monthly leave.

Without final leave there would be no tears and heartbreaking farewells. When my loved brother left without final leave, we were upset, but realised it was best for him.

Betty Lucas, Yallah, South Coast, N.S.W.

EQUALITY IN CAREERS

WHY is it that most business girls do not treat persons domestically inclined as equal to themselves?

Like the business girls they have to be trained, and in this case are thoroughly conversant with the conventional rules of etiquette and domestic work in the home.

In the cafe you will notice the waitress handles her order with accuracy and quiet precision.

We should appreciate these ladies who are domestically minded, and realise they are as efficient as the business girls.

Miss Jo Kaye, 4 Nardoo Flats, Park Pde., Shorncliffe, Brisbane.

FIRES FOR PENSIONERS

DOES anyone agree with me that the old-age pensioners should be granted a little firewood in the winter?

People on sustenance receive it all the year and they are young and able to work and look around for a few extra shillings to buy comforts, while these old people are helpless and hardly able to walk about.

It is these old people who have worked and helped to make Australia what it is and also it is their sons who are fighting for us to-day.

Mrs. M. V. Walker, 270 Ferrars St., South Melbourne.

MORE HOLIDAYS

THERE would be fewer divorces and much more happiness in the home if people had more holidays. Nothing is so narrowing and hardening as always to be moving in the same groove, with not any thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us.

Mrs. J. MacGillivray, Box 1, Clare, S.A.

Seek romance in every-day life

HOW many women spend their lives looking for romance at the cinemas, in novels, and amongst their friends, and regretting its absence in their own homes? Most of them fail to see it in the wonders of our every-day life.

Returning to Sydney from the country the other day we raced non-stop from Strathfield to Central through the peak traffic, never thinking of the marvels of engineering which places in the hands of a man in a tiny signal-box the safety of thousands of lives.

Would not our lives be brighter and more full of interest if we looked around and appreciated the wonders of the age in which we live instead of sighing for the romance of fiction?

El to Miss C. Herbert, 6 Hay St., Collaroy, N.S.W.

Should husband or wife order cafe meals?

I THINK Mrs. Morris (12/4/41) is a little unfair to those poor mortals called husbands.

If a husband should wait on the family in a cafe it seems just as fair to ask a wife to chop the wood.

J. Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderley, Brisbane.

Not father's job

IT is a very poor wife who does not like to fuss over her husband. Imagine the consequences one would eat if the children were allowed to select the meal, and I could quite sympathise with any husband who would refuse to battle through a crowd of women at a cafeteria to secure his family's lunch.

Mrs. J. Hay, 112 Caharita Rd., Caharita, N.S.W.

Should be waited on

WHEN the family are having a meal in town, mother should take a well-earned rest and be waited on by other members of the family.

Just think what a change it is for the family cook to sit down at a table and have the meal put in front of her without any worry or trouble.

If at a cafeteria mother should say what she and the children will have and let father get the tray ready and bring it to the table.

Mother would appreciate a little service and attention, which she never gets at home.

Mrs. J. Harvey, Collins St., West Perth.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

End your Foot Pains

"With the new scientific 'FOOTHELP' No More Suffering!"

"FOOTHELP" gives you instant ease and comfort than you ever imagined possible. It won't cost you a penny if we fail to fulfil these promises. NO RETAIL PARTS WHATSOEVER. It is moulded to measure, and is as light as a feather.

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Call or Write To-day for Free Trial. JOHN H. UNGER (Dept. 19A) 45 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

SCHOOL BOOKSTALL

I WONDER how many parents have been prohibited from sending their children to secondary schools because of the high cost of school text-books?

I have been talking to a mother who has just received an account for over £8 for the first instalment of school books for the year, and she was, naturally, having difficulty in meeting the expense.

Every school should incorporate a bookstall to which books from the previous year could be returned, and their value, second-hand, credited to the account of each student.

Then those whose parents were not in a position to meet large accounts could purchase second-hand books in good order.

This, too, would encourage children to look after their books.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Stud Rd., Dandenong, Vic.

UNWANTED GIFTS

DURING a recent visit to Sydney with my toddler son, thoughtless adults in trams, buses, and trains gave him sweets.

If I took them from him he cried loudly and drew everyone's attention—and black looks to me from the giver.

On the other hand, if I let him eat the sweets it meant sticky hands and face for the toddler and soiled clothes for the two of us.

There must be hundreds of other mothers who wish these apparently good-natured people would use more discretion. Elderly women seem to be the worst offenders.

Mrs. B. Tierney, Garah, N.S.W.

MOTHER'S DAY

LET us remember Mother's Day this year with a few extra kindnesses.

There will be so many lonely and worried mothers whose sons are overseas, and who would be cheered and comforted to receive the tiniest gift or even a telephone call to show they are remembered by their friends.

In this small way you will be doing something for our boys, too. A little thoughtfulness like this goes a long way to make people feel wanted and happy.

Miss J. Evans, St. Kilda St., Brighton, Vic.

Diary secrets are not "out of date"

I AGREE with Miss Courtney (12/4/41) that a diary is worth keeping. It is essential to friends living far apart.

In that way all news of interest is exchanged. How often, after a letter has been posted, does one think of something one should have written?

From a practical point of view, a diary can be helpful when it is necessary to recall names of people and places one has visited.

Miss O. Kopp, Degilbo, Gayndah, Qld.

Valuable record

THE keeping of diaries is excellent if done methodically and regularly.

The journal should be begun by the parents inscribing their own full names, the exact date and place of the child's birth, some of its earlier "sayings" and other baby data.

Snapshots could be pasted in, also newspaper clippings of school and sporting activities.

Any serious illness or accident



A diary evokes a host of memories.

should be noted, also examinations passed and some details of the first position secured.

The diary then becomes not only a fascinating book, but may, in later years, prove a valuable reference and record.

Mrs. E. Monaghan, Minnamurra St., Kiama, N.S.W.

Childish practice

KEEPING a diary in the form of an engagement book may be a good idea, but to make entries of one's personal feelings is not only childish but very unwise.

I have known schoolgirls who have been teased mercilessly by brothers and sisters into whose hands a precious diary has fallen.

Also the tendency to look back through last year's diary and sigh for the "old days" only makes a person discontented and unhappy.

P. L. Ferguson, Franklin St., Launceston, Tas.

SORRY-BUT YOU'RE WRONG

A DROWNING PERSON DOES NOT ALWAYS RISE TO THE SURFACE THREE TIMES BEFORE SINKING.

INDIGESTION IS NOT NECESSARILY CAUSED BY QUICK EATING. 95% OF INDIGESTION IS CAUSED BY EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH.

RED FLANNEL IS NOT WARMER THAN WHITE FLANNEL.

TRUE-WORRY, FEAR, EMOTIONAL STRAIN, START THESE ACIDS FLOWING

When excess acid forms in the stomach—you get indigestion. You must neutralise the excess acid. Bismarated Magnesia does this—that's why it stops indigestion pain in over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant and lasting relief. Bismarated Magnesia is sold at the same standard price as ordinary stomach remedies. 2/6 large size, 1/9 small.

Now! Your Opportunity For MORE MONEY!

MAKING FRENCH FLOWERS

This new, thrilling way means big profits for easy, pleasant work at home!

WITHOUT previous experience or artistic ability you can soon begin to make extra money weekly for all the things you need—by starting now on this new profitable craft (not overcrowded). The demand for these gorgeous hand-made flowers for day and evening wear and millinery, in all kinds of materials, so urgently needed, increases daily, as they are not now imported.

We Purchase Your Work

UNDER WRITTEN CONTRACT

A definite GUARANTEE TO PURCHASE your finished work is included with every outfit. We have constant arrangements with important buyers for prompt purchase of supplies.

These Flowers must be made in Australia and New Zealand now!

We supply free packing boxes and pay forwarding charges on all flowers supplied to us.

Now is your chance to have extra money and enjoy those luxuries you have longed for—new clothes—extra money to spend as you wish.

Require to-day — NOW — how you can quickly, easily learn the secrets of hand-made flowers for additional income at home.

If you need extra money, here is a life-time opportunity. Send NOW for FREE BOOKLET.

POST YOUR ENQUIRY NOW. SEND NO MONEY.

LA PAULA ART ACADEMY,
Cathedral Chambers, 87 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY, also
Box 15528, Melbourne.

Without obligation to you, please send your free Book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers. Also your PURCHASE GUARANTEE, as I am anxious to have more money.

Name: _____
Address: _____ W.W. 2/3/41.

— FREE — Working Outfit

For a limited time only we will give absolutely free with the La Paula course a magnificent working outfit, including a complete set of tools and materials that simplify the making of most beautiful hand-made flowers. This free outfit is included with both the

PERSONAL AND POSTAL COURSE.

Remember the demand from leading stores is constantly increasing. Flowers are wanted for hats, day and evening frocks, birthday gifts — Charity gifts, etc. Why not make them in your spare time, and earn extra money too? Don't delay. Join in with our workers now. Send to-day for amazing

FREE BOOKLET and WINTER OFFER

Week-end With The Family

Continued from page 36

BOB woke late and found the morning bright and hot. Out of the window he could see Laurie. He tore down the stairs and joined her.

"I'm cutting flowers for your mother," Laurie smiled. "You hold the basket."

It was idyllic. They filled the vase on the back porch, their hands touching often. Breakfast, too, was pleasant. Father went off to church with his cornet. Mother began preparations for dinner and Joan sang as she moved about upstairs.

Bob took Laurie out under the apple trees and dared to look deeply into her eyes.

It was nearly noon when it happened. Father had returned and they had all gathered on the wide front porch—all except Mother, who was putting the finishing touches to the dinner.

Suddenly there was the sound as of an overturned chair and a queer

cry. Bob jumped and ran with Father at his heels and the girls following. Mother was sitting on the floor, looking white and vague and very, very sick. Father pushed Bob aside and carried her to the living-room sofa.

"I don't know just what happened," Mother explained weakly. "I've felt one of my headaches coming on and I've been trying all day to ward it off . . ."

"Did you take an overdose of those headache pills?" Father fairly shouted the question.

Mother's lip quivered. "Well, Sam, what could I do? I couldn't get sick to-day. I . . . I just took . . ."

"I know what you took! Haven't I been warning you about those pills? Haven't I told you for thirty years you'd kill yourself with them! Call Dr. Foster, Bob. Get him up here quick—a woman of your age

with no sense! Well, what are you all standing round for? Why don't you get her something? Don't any of you know what's good for the heart? Is he coming, Bob? Did you tell him to hurry?"

Through the next hour Mother lay on the sofa with tears of nervousness and exhaustion running down her cheeks. Father stormed about the house, his coat off, his grey hair tousled, his voice rising in constant and querulous complaint. Bob and Joan hurried upstairs and down and Laurie—when Bob had time to look at her—seemed white and frightened. And what wonder!

The physician came at last just when Father had announced at the top of his lungs that there wasn't a doctor in the town who cared whether people lived or died.

The professional verdict, however, was encouraging. Mother's heart had suffered a slight turn but with a day's rest and absolute quiet she would be quite herself again. She must go to bed at once, though, and stay there.

"I'll carry you up, Mother," Bob said when the doctor had gone.

But Father shoved him aside. "Get out of the way," he said. "I'll take her up. And if this isn't a lesson! After all the times I've warned you about those pills!"

Below, Joan started for the kitchen and Laurie and Bob followed her.

"I was so scared I forgot all about dinner," Joan said. "You really think she's all right, Bob?"

"I'm sure she is . . . or will be. What can I do here?"

"Let me help," Laurie begged.

JOAN proceeded to take charge of the situation, importantly but efficiently.

"Let's see. The chicken's fried. Vegetables ready. I'll put them on the table. Will you put the gravy in the bowl there and get the rolls out of the oven, Laurie? You get the water, Bob."

Bob was filling the glasses at the table when he heard a muffled exclamation from Laurie. He hurried to the kitchen. She was holding one hand under the faucet while Joan fussed about her.

With one swift movement he had caught her wrist, raised the hand—the slim little hand that always looked to him as though it had been made only yesterday. Across it ran a burning patch of scarlet.

"It was too awkward of me," she was saying.

But Bob's voice silenced her. He didn't know what he said. He only knew that there was fury in his heart; this was the last intolerable blow—that she should know pain, here under his roof on this week-end so longed for and so cruel in its fulfilment.

He could hear Laurie's voice through the hot pounding in his ears. "It's nothing, Bob. It will be better in a little while. Please!"

Laurie and Joan kept the conversation going through dinner, which was well for Bob was too bitterly unhappy to speak and Father left the table three times to clomp up and down the stairs to Mother's room, still voicing his criticism turbulently as he did so.

Father called the doctor back because he thought Mother was sleeping too long. The doctor was entirely reassuring. Mrs. Harrold was all right. Sleep was what she needed.

At last it was evening. Outwardly the big house slowly settled to peace. Joan went off to a meeting and Father, now completely calm, was reading to Mother up in her room.

Laurie had been with her first for a whole hour and was now in the guest room, packing. Bob supposed.

He sat, hunched in one corner of the porch swing, in blackness of spirit. They had failed him. His family. In this most important crisis of his life when he had needed them utterly, they had failed him.

He heard Laurie coming softly down the stairs. He rose and watched her as she came toward him, but he could find no voice out of his grievous despair. He waited for her to say the words he knew would come.

"You were wrong, Bob," she said gently.

"I know," he agreed, heavily. What else could he say? There was no more argument.

"I had a long talk with your mother alone and I found then that she does understand about—us. You know how your father has acted all day?"

Bob groaned for answer. Laurie went on:

"She says he always behaves that way when she's sick. And then she said, 'You'll understand, my dear, when you're married, for Bob's just like him!'"

"What!" Bob sat up as though at a stab in the back. "I'm nothing like him! Nothing whatever!"

"Oh, yes you are, Bob," Laurie's voice was full of gentle laughter. "When I burned my hand you were terrible! Simply savage! And all the time there were tears in your eyes! Yes, I think you'll be just like your father."

"But—but, Laurie . . ."

"It's all been such a revelation to me, Bob. I've felt it every moment here; that there's something bigger than the little selfish thing the people I know call happiness. Or maybe it's the real foundation for it. Anyhow, I almost missed it. Just as I've missed so many things."

He was afraid to breathe, to utter a sound.

"No one ever knew where I had gone at night or when I got back. Think of having someone wait up for you and worry over you and hear your news at two in the morning and then tell you to pull up the down quilt!"

She gave a little sob and Bob's arms gathered her to him.

Then he hardly recognised her voice. It was so tender, so caressing, so at peace.

"But my children are not going to miss these things. When we're married, Bob, we're going to have a home just like yours!"

(Copyright)

Soldiers Soliloquy

Alone in an outpost of the desert, Captain Drake recalls memories of his life in Australia. Shadowy shapes cross his mind—fleeting visions of people and places and events. But one vivid image always remains—of the woman whose portrait he carries everywhere.

And as he feasts his eyes on it this night, he sees her again as at their first meeting. There was something unforgettable about her, something that seemed like an aura—a "spiritual fragrance," he'd called it. Long afterwards, he told her of that dazzling first impression and she admitted, laughingly, that the fragrance was not spiritual but a product of the subtle genius of man.

Generations of beautiful women have safeguarded their loveliness with the Yardley preparations, just as they do to-day in every English-speaking country of the world.



The Crusaders returning from the East brought back with them many strange and exotic perfumes which came to be prized by the ladies of England. But the perfume of the lavender blossom was always a favourite, known and loved from the earliest times. Amongst the famous Girdles of London was that of



the lavender sellers: "Won't you buy my sweet, blooming lavender, only twelve branches a penny!"

English-grown lavender is recognised as the finest in the world. It remained for Yardley of London to perfect the distilling of this fresh, clean fragrance and make it the favourite of gentlemen.



YARDLEY LAVENDER

the "lovable fragrance" chosen by maids and matrons for its fresh, natural charm. 3/3 to 22/6.

ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM creates and preserves a radiantly clear skin. 5/11.

ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP the "luxury soap of the world." 1/3.

FACE POWDER mid-blown to vapour-lightness. For normal skin, 2/6; dry skin, 4/-.



Yardley
OLD BOND STREET
*** LONDON

Yardley & Company (Pty.) Limited, Sydney—London, Paris, New York, Toronto.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 4

AFTER Wyn had gone I got Pop calmed down. Too much cricket talk wasn't so good for him.

"I thought Mr. Strafford must be in the lumber business," I said.

"Judas!" Pop exploded. "Don't you ever read your Ledger? Strafford, Wynnewood and Company, the oldest private bank in Philly, Darby Mill, that's the name of their country place; there's an old sawmill on the creek out there, where they cut up the logs for Washington at Valley Forge. Honey, those folks are so pedigreed they'd be ashamed to press their pants. They hire someone to drive the car for a year before they use it, so it won't look too fresh."

"I think that's just as silly as the opposite," I said. I think so still.

I was pleased at getting the typing job. Otherwise I honestly didn't think about the incident one way or another. Myrtle was ready to go home, and I wanted to fix a stew for Pop's supper. Mac was coming over that evening to tell us about the baby, and sit with Pop a while so I could go out with Marty Bockmeyer, a nice dumb boy from the Business School, but a good dancer. Once in a while I'd manage time off and Marty would take me to some dance hall.

Naturally I thought at first Wyn was just bent on that book of his. That seemed a fair enough reason for his coming. It was too silly to suppose any other reason. I did a good job on the typing, too. I believe shorthand and practice getting things down condensed might be good training in literature. I could see right away how Wyn's sentences scrambled all over the place. When I wasn't sure of his spelling and checked him in the dictionary he was usually wrong. Bless his heart, he used to say "It's wonderful how much better it reads when it gets typed."

He had no notion how much editing had been done on it. I really got a good deal of education by watching how simple Wyn was about anything that needed thinking. But in anything outdoors, or engines, or animals, or getting along with people, how perfectly swell. Like all the nicest people in Philly he had a terrible inferiority complex about anything outside his familiar routine. But watch him on his own ground and he'd surprise you.

POP took me over to the cricket club one day to see Wyn play. It was wonderful to see him. He was different. Every movement, every look counted. When he waved to the fielders where he wanted them to take their positions I could have kissed him. He knew just what he wanted, and had reasons.

I'm mixed up thinking about Wyn, because it doesn't matter now what came before that. Darling, let me think and just see how it feels. My blessed, My boy.

Funny, when we met he was twenty-five, seven years older than me, but I always think of him as almost a baby. He said he'd been at Princeton, and he didn't mean Princeton, Illinois.

Of course, just what he did there except play games and drink beer I can't imagine. Wait, though, there was some prof. there put a kind of notion of being literary in his mind; he bought ex-

pensive books at a bookshop in Princeton; once in a while he talked about first editions, but only like something he'd been told was pretty important. Not the way he talked about cricket and beagles and that little olive-green roadster. She was his darling all right.

The first time he turned up in her, instead of the old station wagon, I suspected something was happening. It was right after lunch. I guess he knew Myrtle would be there to look after the old man. He asked if I wouldn't like to go for a ride. We went up the Oxford Pike, to Fox Chase and Huntingdon Valley and all the way to Sorrel Horse. I didn't know what lovely country there is round Philly. It's no wonder the right people settled down on it and keep it to themselves.

He took me to have tea with some artists who live at Bethayres and showed me off as if I was somebody.

I had such a good time I forgot to be shy. You couldn't be shy when Wyn was around, because he was shy still. Not exactly shy; I mean sort of ashamed in secret, because where he was concerned everything had been done beforehand, and the things he knew about didn't seem to be important.

Particularly I noticed he was ashamed of being such a small potato in the banking business. He said they'd started making money by lending it both ways in 1776 and they'd made money out of every war in the world ever since. All he did in the bank, he said, was what some Higher-Up told him to do; he would never think for himself what might be done, nor care whether it happened.

"Some day I'm going to do something nobody ever told me to do," he said. "What's furthermore, I'm going to do it now." He stopped the car and kissed me.

I wasn't the least bit surprised. It seemed perfectly natural. Everything that ever happened to us was that way. We never knew what was coming, but when it came, there it was.

"I get so interested talking to you," he said one time, "I almost forget about kissing you. Almost, not quite."

It's a fact. We had fun just gibbering. Maybe he hadn't ever really talked about what was inside him. "I had to look up some bird in 'Who's Who,'" he said. "They listed him as a patron of the arts. Gosh, Kitty, that's what I ought to be. Maybe I could get somewhere helping people who are cleverer than I am. Maybe you would help me. Maybe I would help you too if I told you you're beautiful."

When I blushed like that it used to give me a pain.

The real miracle was the way all of a sudden we just crossed over some kind of boundary line and everything was different. The first couple of months it was all strictly business. Wyn turning up at the house with a bunch of copy about twice a week, and Pop always remembering something new that ought to go in. They'd dictate it off to me and then, of course, I'd fix it up the way it ought to go.

Wyn said he was getting a lot of work done because he'd taken leave of absence from the bank and his family were all away at their summer cottage in Rhode Island.

It wasn't till the cricket boof was finished that he ever brought the roadster to Griscorn Street. It was sort of honorable of him. When we were working we were working.

The first Roadster Day I had the typescript all ready for him. I thought to myself, the book's going to the printer, and Wyn's going to Rhode Island to sail in some yacht races, and where's Kitty Foyle going?

We were kind of silent on the way up to Sorrel Horse.

After a while he said: "You've been awfully kind to help me out with that book. I think we make a good author."

I couldn't say anything. I had one of my dumb spells, and the hot leather seat of the roadster was burning my shoulders.

"I don't suppose you and your father could come up and visit us in Rhode Island. Gosh, I'd love to take you sailing."

I thought he was just being kind. Of course the old man couldn't make a trip like that. And I couldn't go alone.

It's really comical. I sometimes think how many things people have invented that you can't do.

I looked hard at the dashboard. There were two buttons there, one

"She don't get out much. We'll miss you now the job's done."

I got just the slightest bit of a wink from Wyn on this. That made me feel better, because I was really a bit puzzled. He roared off in the little car and I tried to imagine him sailing at Newport, white trousers and brown skin and grey eyes. I didn't know then how the light on water changes the color of his eyes, they turn silver-green.

Wyn got out of town just in time, because it turned terribly hot. That little bedroom under the roof was like a furnace. I sat there working because the typewriter bothered Pop if I brought it downstairs. One day the keys of the machine were so warm they were positively uncomfortable to touch. I sat on an old kitchen chair in nothing but a slip.

I was working on Wyn's manuscript. He had said something about reading proof and preparing the index. I learned a little about printers' proofs working on the Manitou "Harvest," so like a jolly Judy I offered to do it for him. The index had me stumped until I had the idea of asking them at the Library how it was done.

The Library was a good friend to me. They knew I was keen to make use of my business school training and they recommended me to the Frankford Historical Society, which was putting on a drive for their new building. I typed a lot of letters for them.

Wyn sent me a postcard of some beautiful yacht. When it came Myrtle and I were spraying the back yard with the hose every hour, and old Pop sitting under the arbor with a palmleaf fan, swearing like mad.

He did that often. Other times, he'd never stop telling some of his old jokes.

"Listen," I warned him, "none of that talk when Molly Scharf gets here. She wasn't raised Irish and she's not used to that kind of conversation."

I'll say this for Pop, when Molly came he really tried. More than once I heard him say Conahoboken.

Molly did us good, and how grand it was to see her.

Molly said I looked different; I guess we were both in a quiet mood. I didn't tell her about Wyn; there wasn't anything to tell, except that I'd done a job of typing. It was hard to keep my feelings all to myself because of course we got talking about the old paper doll days and Molly wanted to see where Mrs. Rosemont Rittenhouse lived. I looked up the address and also on the sly the address of the Strafford town house.

On one of our sightseeing trips I showed her the Rittenhouse place on Walnut Street. It was all boarded up for the summer and I remembered my adventure at Cape May. At the same time I managed so we walked by the Strafford house on the Square and I took a look at it sideways.

M

OLLY was all set up about seeing the houses where the paper dolls lived. She said: "I always thought you just made up those names."

A good deal of the time we sat in the back yard and sewed and just talked. It was good to get my mind back into Manitou again. After I left Molly didn't have any room-mate till mid-semester, then a redhead from Chicago called Pat Kenzie was put in with her. "She's got big brown eyes like caramels," Molly said, "and she's as red as those cows out at Debaughs". She's a swell kid but she thinks college is a waste of time. Her mother is a buyer in one of the big stores and thinks she could get jobs for both her and me this autumn. I'm enrolled for next year, but I've half a mind to quit. Most of the kids in college are just playing around.

"Honestly, Kitty, all I got out of freshman year I could have learned in six weeks' hard work on the books. I think it's mostly a racket to keep kids from being a nuisance at home before they're fit to earn a living."

This was a new idea to me. I'd been biting my nails thinking what a lot of good culture and education I was missing.

While Molly was with us I got the letter from Wyn telling about his big idea. His father had agreed to it and would put in some money. Wyn said he was coming back to town in September to get started and wanted me to help him.

Of course I was thrilled and naturally I told Molly an outline of the scheme.

"He thinks Philadelphia is a big enough town to support a sophisticated magazine of its own, written for the Philadelphia crowd. He says they'll call it 'Philly' and begin publishing about the beginning of November. Plenty of wisecracking stuff about football, and hunting, and cricket, and the Orchestra, and famous food and drink, and little articles about picturesque history. Think of all the schools and colleges round Philly, they ought to eat it up. He wants me to be his secretary. Gee, Molly, what a chance."

Molly was cagey. "It sounds like fun," she said. "But if I get the town from what you've told me I don't think it'll work."

Please turn to page 40



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



It's plane to see

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white. MACLEANS tones up the gums... makes them firm, hard and healthy. MACLEANS pure white hygienic paste keeps tooth paste fresh and clean. MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.



BLONDE discovers amazing SECRET



For some time her hair had been going dull and brownish. Gradually its outstanding blonde beauty was fading. She was going "mousy." Then she started to wash her hair at home with Sta-Blond. And made this remarkable discovery... that only Sta-Blond can bring back that lovely "lighter" colour to faded hair. It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made especially for blondes.

You too can give back to your hair the lost "hot" beauty—can restore lost sparkle, charm and luster—can keep it—by regular use of Sta-Blond prevents blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always.

No dye or injurious chemicals in Sta-Blond. The precious Vita-9 nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

NOT A LUXURY—BUT A NECESSITY AND AN ECONOMY FOR NATURAL BLONDE HAIR

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Thrift in Wartime

The household budget is made up of pennies. Thrift in War-time with pennies means War contributions of pounds—Thrifty people choose Cerebos Salt because less is used and a tin of Cerebos lasts for months. Use Cerebos.



CEREBOS SALT

SHREWD gal, Molly. The last thing she said when I saw her off on the train was, "If I land a job in Chicago you better come out there and see what's doing."

Wyn called up the first of September. I remember the date, it was Sunday, and Pop was grumbling because he couldn't get oysters till the next day. Wyn had taken a floor in a little old house on Sansom Street for an office, and bought furniture, and we were to move in next day.

I was up most of the night going over my wardrobe. Wyn never guessed how I worried about my clothes. To work in an office with Wyn Stafford, and help get out a smart magazine, that means some female overhead.

I was practically a millionaire because Wyn put me down for thirty dollars salary, which was a lot more than I rated right out of business school, but even so with all the meals he blew me I had to skimpish to look the way the office of "Philly" needed me to look. I was relieved one day when Wyn told me he'd been to the office of a well-known magazine and said they were a weird-looking crew.

I was on the L before 8 a.m. that Monday. All the way downtown I could see the fresh-painted R signs in oyster saloons. Wyn was on Sansom Street already and the furniture being put in. I felt very bashful because I didn't know just what line to take, probably Wyn had forgotten all about me. While the men were busy heaving a big desk upstairs he suddenly took me behind the door and kissed me.

"To-day we'll start opening our oyster," Wyn said. "I hope it won't give us ptomaine."

"Maybe we'll find a pearl in it."

"I've found one already."

After that everything was all right. The rooms were filthy, I was sorry I'd worn a new dress but it was worth it for that first look Wyn gave me. I hurried over to Gimbel's and bought a housewife apron and some dusters and took the broom away from Wyn and got busy.

In between sweeping and settling filing cases Wyn would get an idea and say Take a Letter. Down at the bank they didn't even trust him to dictate so he was crazy about seeing his own words go down in a notebook. He'd bend over and watch me so close while he was dictating that I'd get flurried.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 39

We certainly worked. It's comical to think back about it. Those three rooms were a madhouse. They were up one flight and we had to use the landing as a reception-room. Wyn's father said he'd risk ten grand up to the time we could get out a first issue. It didn't take long for the news to get round that Sansom Street was the place for dead-beats.

All the broke cartoonists and newspaper paragraphers in Philly were round there by the third day. With Wyn's pals in and out the place sounded like an item in the "Ledger's" social columns. Parry Berwyn and Bill Cynwyd were out in the front office trying to stave off timewasters, and Wyn was fighting with printers and paper merchants in the middle room, and I was in the little coop at the back trying to make Wyn's letters more concise.

Nothing was ever so much fun, and I think I knew in three days that it was hokey. It was good clean sport for Bill Cynwyd and Parry Berwyn and Coxey Narberth to quit polo and racquets for a few weeks to amuse themselves by being Editors, and Staceyalea Bala had herself a grand time trying to imitate a New York shopping column. But poor Wyn somehow figured this was to be Philadelphia's literary comeback. The old town had once been fine in journalism, why not again?

Later when I started working for Delphine I had to go to town on class magazines and see what makes them tick. Naturally I smile when I look back on "Philly" and its amateurish attempt. Everybody, even Wyn's father, has forgotten it by now, it must have made a useful writeoff in Mr. Stafford's 1929 income tax, but I wouldn't have missed the experience. Just getting a look at Staceyalea's clothes when she came in to talk to Wyn and not notice me sitting at the typewriter put ideas in my head.

Wyn was so happy it was lovely to watch him. Even with the typewriter in rapid fire I could steal a look at him once in a while. First time in his life he was doing something besides cricket or sailing that seemed to answer back inside him.

Parry and Bill were so easy that most callers got in to see Wyn anyhow, and he accepted all their ideas as the quickest way to get rid of 'em. Meanwhile he'd forgotten to do any-

thing about distribution and I had to rush round to the News Company myself and try to get some co-operation. I gave Myrtle five dollars extra a week to stay home until I could get back to Pop, we never cleaned up at the office before eight or nine o'clock.

We had an old accountant who came up from the bank to keep our books. He was bald as a china doorknob. After he'd been watching our doings a few weeks he said, "Miss Kitty, the only reason my hair don't go white is because I haven't got any."

Wyn had a habit, no matter how busy he was, of writing me a little rhyme now and then, maybe on the back of an envelope. I'd see him intense at his desk and be afraid to interrupt him and then he'd say, "Kitty, Interoffice Memo," and pass me some simple verse he had sprawled out in his college-boy handwriting. One day when we worked late he took me to a place on Pine Street, he said a drink would be good for our morale. As a matter of fact it was the first alcoholic drink I ever had.

There was a confidential little bar at the back of the house and we stood there for a highball. Wyn thought the first was a bit pale, so he said the motto of the Racquet Club, "A bird can't fly on one wing," and ordered a second. "Be a little more liberal this time," he said to the barman.

THE proprietor happened to overhear him. I guess he knew Wyn was an important customer, and as the barman reached out with the bottle old Monsieur Duval said, "Soyez gentil avec." This tickled Wyn so he often quotes it when anyone's pouring, and the next day when he'd had time to think it over he handed me a slip of paper:—

Waiter, that highball looks skinny, by heck.

Don't let your bottle get clogged at the neck.

Next time you pour, soyez gentil avec.

You always had to wait till next day for Wyn's poetry to come through.

After that first oyster-opening kiss he scarcely looked at me except in a friendly way, he was so absorbed in the idea of getting out the magazine. It wasn't long before I wanted to try to tell him I thought we were shooting up a blind alley. The drawings that came in didn't seem to me funny, and most of the articles were about on a par with the Manitou "Harvest."

In order to really kid Gentlemen you have to have people who aren't Gentlemen and when the Main Line tries to kid itself it's just committing suicide. But I couldn't tell Wyn, he was so happy. It wouldn't have done any good.

Wyn, I tried to tell you afterwards, a hundred times a day I'd look over at you and want to straighten your necktie or pull up your socks. I even brought a little sewing kit down to the office because I thought maybe some day one of your buttons would come off and I could sew it on. I thought, curse those swell custom shirt makers who put buttons on so tight.

Remember, our first issue was to be on the stands on Hallowe'en and the very day we made up the page proofs and sent everything in to the printer your father called up and told us about the market crash in New York.

We sent off the last batch of stuff by messenger and Parry was going to see it on the press. Remember, you said Parry must know his stuff because he edited the school paper at Groton. You put your feet up on the desk and leaned back. I could hear the creak of the swivel chair. When I happened to turn round you were looking at me quite differently from ever before.

"Kitty," you said . . . "Kitty . . ." I remember how you spaced it out.

I didn't even know what you meant, at first.

That was the afternoon I phoned Myrtle to stay with the old man, and you took me to Harrisburg.

I was so frightened I said to you "Soyez gentil avec," and you'd had too much whisky and went dead to sleep.

Wyn, Wyn, I was so sorry for myself. I know more now, and I'm sorriest for you.

I hate to think anyone else is as silly as me. Or maybe I like to think they all are. Just now I got looking at this phone, I was thinking I never talked to him. All I'd have to do would be lift it up and ask the

operator to get that number. I did lift it up and whispered Old St. David's 31, just to hear what it would sound like. Old St. David's 31. But my right hand, I guess that's the practical hand, kept the cross-piece pushed down, so electricity couldn't leak through.

It's good you don't remember bad times like you do good ones. When I think back about fun, love, happiness, I feel strong, as though I was printed in bigger type somehow, in capital letters. Misery just pushes me into a little frightened knot inside. It makes you feel small. I guess that's why you don't remember it so well.

I wouldn't look again at that magazine for anything in the world. I have the four issues wrapped up in tissue paper and they're going to stay that way. When Wyn and I got back from Harrisburg the first number was lying on the desk, and we looked at it as if it were a dead body. So it was. Wyn's old man was on the phone saying the stock market had jumped out the window and no more money.

Everybody who told us the magazine was such an amusing idea was now saying of course Philadelphia wasn't the kind of town for that sort of thing. Some of the advertisers cancelled their contracts, others wanted to insist on our getting out the number of issues they bargained for. Wyn called me into a conference he was having with Parry and Bill and a lawyer from the bank. He said they had arranged a compromise. I thought, I've been compromised myself, and it didn't seem funny.

Then I noticed how unhappy Wyn looked. It started me thinking more about him than about me. I could tell he was feeling bad because he had taken the trouble to put on a blue pin-stripe and looked like big business. That meant the end of his career as Patron of the Arts and return to the bank.

Wyn got sore at last. "You boys go out and have your lunch at the Ritz," he said. "Leave Kitty and me clean up the mess."

We dictated letters a while, and we did a good job, too, but we both knew what we were thinking of. Poor baby, I can see now, maybe he felt he was committed to make good with me. That's the way a man would feel. Thank goodness, I got to know later that wasn't the way of it.

After a while he stopped and we really looked at each other, the first time in several days. I didn't like him in the dark suit, even his eyes were darker, and his necktie was sort of downtown.

"Kitty, when I was at school they gave me the worst part in some Shakespeare play, 'As You Like It.' I had to be an old fool in a long white beard and my big line was, 'In my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.' You might remind me of that sometimes. Put it in the tickler file."

I wanted to say, "Am I going to have a chance to remind you of things?" But Choke and Throttle were both working. I had to turn sideways because I didn't want him to see me drizzle. That tree in the backyard looked like a windmill in a fog.

"What are you looking at?" he asked.

"A girl who tries to take dictation from you needs to keep her handkerchief handy," I said, and ran to my desk drawer where I'd left it.

I KNEW I was acting badly and spoiling everything. I tried hard for a comeback. "That's one of the things they don't teach in business school," I said. "Never take dictation without all your equipment."

He didn't say anything, just looked, then he grabbed the big file case we'd put behind the door. He pulled it out from the wall.

"I didn't mean that filing cabinet to go there," he said, "that's your corner. Now stand in it and I'll kiss you like I did before."

After a while he said, "That old bird in the play, the guy who didn't drink, said he was frosty but kindly. That sounds like juleps. I bet no one ever had a julep in November before. We'll go round to market and buy some mint and have Duval make us one."

Mint julep was only a name to me, but I let him go and do the marketing for it while I got on with the letters, and he phoned me from Duval's when it was ready. "The frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," he said (I didn't know what he meant till

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from
4.30 to
5 p.m.



WEDNESDAY, April 30.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 1.—Musical Alphabet.

FRIDAY, May 2.—"Melody Mysteries." Competition and Results.

SATURDAY, May 3.—Goodie Reeve presents "Memories for the Asking."

SUNDAY, May 4.—June Marsden—Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special: More about Nostradamus.

MONDAY, May 5.—"With the A.L.F. Overseas."

TUESDAY, May 6.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

I saw the glasses). "Hop a cab." Three nice words, "hop a cab." To me that always means Wyn, calling from somewhere with some crazy idea.

It was mid afternoon and the back room at Duval's was empty. I guess Wyn had crept up on one already, he was looking better. I was all set to tell him not to be too sorry about the magazine being a flop, and maybe the stock market crash gave us an alibi for what would have happened anyway.

While I was figuring the right way to say it he came out with the same idea. So I was holding back, not letting on that I'd been thinking just that. It's good for Wyn not always to be told somebody else has had his ideas first. Maybe holding anything back sort of shows through on your face. He said "It isn't fair?"

"What isn't fair?"

"Making your eyes so big."

"It's this julep. It's almost as good as a chocolate soda."

Somewhere at the bottom of that julep, maybe it came up through the straw, Wyn found the idea of our going to Pocono.

To be continued

Another Feature in . . .

ARUNDEL NIXON'S

Sunday Afternoon

Entertainment



"The EASY CHAIR"

AFTER-DINNER
RELAXATION MUSIC

SUNDAYS 1.15 p.m.

2GB

THE WITCH'S TALE



THRILLING, EERIE MYSTERY

SATURDAYS 2GB 8.30 P.M.

Angry RASH DISAPPEARS

Relief after years of suffering—thanks to Rexona Ointment.

Dear Sirs:

This concerns a rash that appeared on my young daughter's ankles. It was so very red and unusual looking that instead of using Rexona, which I always like to keep in the house, I took her to a nurse.

She gave me a sulphur ointment, but spoke of ray treatment which would possibly be needed. I next took my daughter to a chemist, who gave me an ointment which soothed the rash, but it returned as soon as I stopped treatment.

Last Spring, in desperation, I started using Rexona. I had previously found it good, but had thought it too mild for such a persistent rash. Great was my delight, and my girl's too, when the rash, also roughness round the ankles, entirely disappeared. During all last Summer there was no sign of it, and now, after several months, there is no return.

Sylvanham, Merriwagga. Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) Mrs. B. J. Hill

BUY REXONA NOW! Also extra large tins, 3 times the quantity, 3/2.

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

9½d. per tab. (City and Suburbs)



McNALLY'S LINIMENT

Renowned for Coughs and Colds, Neuralgia and Rheumatic pains. Also a sure relief for Tinea. Just pour on the affected parts; not necessary to rub.

2/-, 3/6 per bottle.

J. McNALLY Box 3025, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

... The lush coolness of a FERNERY

● Ferns and foliage plants grown in bush-houses provide something restful that is rarely found outside in the garden, where the sun reflects bright colors that are often harsh on the eyes.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

AT the same time the culture of ferns, palms, cycads, taxads, begonias, and other plants suitable for potting is an interesting hobby, and one that has always appealed to the busy man or woman, or to those who have reached an age when the harder toil of outdoor gardening is no longer possible.

A well-arranged fernery which includes introduced and native ferns can be made a most attractive place, particularly if the gardener makes up some wire baskets to hold those of trailing habits.

At the same time the bush-house need not be devoted entirely to foliage plants. In a tastefully arranged collection ferns and palms will provide a background for the better display of flowering plants.

Gardeners should, however, choose their plants carefully, for it is possible to buy varieties suitable only

to glass-house culture and which will not thrive in the bush-house.

Maidenhair ferns (*adiantum*) seem to be first favorite with lady gardeners for the fernery, but many of them give most unsatisfactory results.

The best varieties to buy for the warmer parts of Australia are the N.Z. variety, *adiantum affine*, *adiantum assimile cristatum* (from Victoria), *a. formosum* (found in all States) and *a. setulosum*, which comes to us from Norfolk Island.

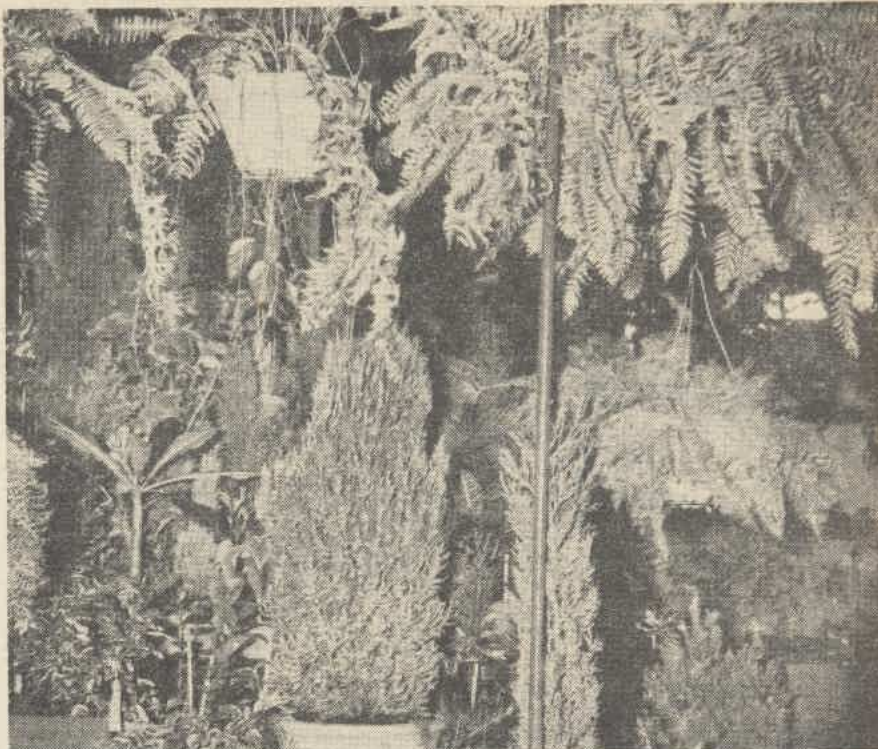
Where good protection can be afforded in winter the gardener should grow the following *adiantums*: *Parleyense*, *trapeziforme*, *macrophyllum*, and the dainty *gracillimum*.

Most of these do well in pots on the shady side.

Our native *davallias* are among the most hardy and beautiful ferns for bush-house culture. They do well in a hollow log partly filled with tree-fibre and some sphagnum moss.

It pays to imitate nature when planting these ferns, for few of them do well in soil. The *davallias* make fine baskets, and if the material used for lining is green sphagnum moss with a filling of chopped *todea* fibre, some charcoal and a very little sandy loam, the results will be most satisfactory.

The genus *pteris*, or feather ferns,



make lovely baskets, and are easily the most favored of all ferns for bush-house culture.

Struthiopteris, or ostrich feather ferns, are hardy and graceful, but only *Germanica*, *orientalis* and *Pennsylvanica* are suitable for the fernery.

Todeas, which are native ferns, are numerous and only half-hardy. The best species for the bush-house lover are *Fraseri*, *barbara*, *superba*, *revularis*, *intermedia*, *grandipinnula*, and *Wilkesiana*. The last-mentioned comes from Fiji and needs heat in winter.

Osmundas and *lygodiums* are interesting and beautiful ferns which do well in the bush-house, but care should be exercised when buying as many of them are suitable only for glass-house culture.

Selaginellas thrive in a compost of turfy loam and sand, and with care can be grown into magnificent plants.

Coleus cannot boast of bright flowers, but their colored foliage is so varied that they are probably the most highly prized of all bush-house species. A light compost containing plenty of leaf mould, some old manure, and sandy loam produces strong, healthy plants that will last for years if cuttings are taken and struck in sand each autumn.

Beautiful foliage

REX and tuberous-rooted *begonias* are also beautiful plants for the fernery. The *rex* *begonias* sometimes produce light-colored flowers, but it is for their lovely foliage that they are mostly grown.

Gloxinias are also bright and beautiful flowering plants requiring some shade and humidity. Their big, bell-shaped flowers are usually heavily spotted with scarlet or chocolate in the throats.

Cyclamens do well in the bush-house if the potting compost contains plenty of fibre and the drainage is right. They will do well, too, outdoors, if given a southerly position and adequate drainage.

Crotons can be grown in bush-houses in the warmer parts of Australia, and the brilliantly-colored *caladiums* do exceedingly well in Queensland.

Other foliage plants that can be grown in pots and tubs in the bush-house are *corydines*, *pandanus*, *musas*, *colocasias*, tree *begonias*, *dieffenbachias*, *scanthus*, and *barterias*.

Most of them require rich soil, good drainage, and protection from frost during winter.

IN THIS well-tended fernery are fishbone ferns, feather ferns, ostrich-feather ferns, *crotons* (colored foliage plants), baskets of *lotus*, *thuyas* in pots, colorful *coleus*, *asparagoides*, and *smilax*.

B·R·E·A·T·H·E

Get rid of suffocating stuffiness caused by...

**NOSE-COLDS
CATARRH
NASAL
IRRITATION**



Try this new way to nose comfort!

Is a stuffed-up head driving you crazy? Does irritation in your nose torture you every time you breathe? For quick relief, apply specialized medicine right where it is needed to ease your misery.

JUST A FEW DROPS

Tilt your head back. Put up each nostril a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol. Takes only a few seconds. But, oh, what relief it brings!

As the tingling medication spreads through the inflamed nose-passages, you feel swollen membranes shrink. Irritation disappears, clogging mucus loosens. You breathe again... long, cool, delightfully clear breaths.

Begin now to enjoy new nose comfort. Keep Va-tro-nol handy. Use it freely.

USED BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MEDICATION OF ITS KIND

Night stuffiness won't spoil sleep if you use a few drops of Va-tro-nol to clear your nose.

Sinus ache is often eased by Va-tro-nol. By keeping sinus openings clear, it avoids the congestion that causes throbbing pain.

Prevent many colds—by using Va-tro-nol at the first sign. It helps Nature to throw off colds before they really start.

Sneezing, caused by stuffed-up nose and breathing through mouth, is avoided by using Va-tro-nol.

Prepared and guaranteed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub



Beautiful!

The New Ivory-White Moulded Container for

Gibbs Dentifrice
IN THE 1/6 SIZE

Good news for housewives who watch the pennies! Your favourite dentifrice now in an elegant, long-lasting container. Now—instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice you buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d. whenever you make a purchase!

Gibbs saves your money as well as teeth

But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size lasts the average person 216 days—*nearly longer than any other dentifrice!* It's a sure protection against decay. At all chemists and stores.

Large Moulded Container, 1/6. Large Refills 1/3



Manufactured by
KILMERBY PTY. LTD.
RICHMOND, N.S.W., VICTORIA.

with
GRAVOX
THE IDEAL
GRAVY MAKER
AUSTRALIAN-MADE

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Australian Women need no longer endure the disfigurement of unsightly hairs now that "VANIX" is available in this country.

"VANIX"

is manufactured by The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co. from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler. It is the only preparation of its kind—it devitalizes and completely destroys the hair follicles. "VANIX" is obtainable at 5/9 a bottle (4/1 posted) from Hailam Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches; Swill's Pharmacy, 372 Lt. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birk's Chemists Ltd., 35 Rundle St., Adelaide.

DEAF?

"CHICO" INVISIBLE
EARPHONES, 2/- PAIR.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Amazingly effective. Guaranteed lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., No. 51, State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

Prizes for these . . . READERS' RECIPES

● Entries in our fascinating weekly best recipe competition—a contest which you, too, can enter, simply by sending us your favorite recipe.

OUR best recipe competition is open to everybody.

All you have to do to compete is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

CREAM LILIES

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Separate yolks and whites of eggs. Beat yolks and sugar until creamy, whip whites stiffly, add yolks and sugar. When nicely blended, add flour and baking powder.

Drop mixture by dessertspoonfuls on greased slide and bake in moderate oven until nicely browned. Bend into shape of lilies while still hot. When cold put square of lemon jelly in centre and place whipped cream around jelly. Sprinkle jelly with icing sugar.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. McDonald, Glendee, Shoalhaven St., Nowra, S. Coast, N.S.W.

ORANGE AND CHOCOLATE CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, grated rind 1 orange, heaped tablespoon grated chocolate.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs one at a time, and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk, then grated orange rind, and lastly grated chocolate. Bake in tin about 12 by 8, 25 to 30 minutes.

When cold ice with icing made from icing sugar and butter rubbed together and moistened with juice of orange and decorated with walnuts. This cake will keep fresh for a week.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Balstone, Guinea St., Albury, N.S.W.

RHUBARB SHORTBREAD CREAM

Shortbread: Cream 2 tablespoons butter with 3 tablespoons sugar, add 1 beaten egg, then 1 cup self-raising flour, sifted with a pinch of salt. Press into bottom of a greased cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven.

Rhubarb Filling: 1½ cups stewed rhubarb, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cornflour. Stir all together over heat until thick, then spread on shortbread.

Cream Mixture: Put 1 cup of milk on stove, thicken with 2 tablespoons cornflour. Cook for 1 minute. Take off stove. Beat in 1 tablespoon butter and 2 tablespoons icing sugar. Beat until smooth, spread on rhubarb filling. Let stand 1 hour before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. L. Taylor, Box 68, Quambatook, Vic.

CHEESE AND CURRY BISCUITS

Two ounces butter, 2½oz. flour, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk.

Rub butter into flour, stir in grated cheese and curry powder. Mix in mustard, salt, and cayenne. Add beaten egg-yolk and milk. Knead well, roll out on a floured board ¼ inch thick. Cut into rounds, bake in a quick oven 7 minutes. Dust with grated cheese and serve hot. Will keep for weeks and can be reheated when required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Jones, 29 Palmer St., Richmond, Vic.

More Vegetable Recipes

Continued from page 43

CORN ON THE COB

Leave green husk on corn until just before cooking. Plunge husked corn cob into boiling water. Do not salt during cooking, as this tends to toughen the corn. Simmer 15 to 30 minutes according to age of corn. Serve on cob with butter or sirip from cob and serve with butter or white sauce, or combine with other ingredients to form a vegetable entree.

DANDELION GREENS

Dandelions can be used as a vegetable only before they flower. Cut off roots, pick over carefully, and wash well in several waters. Cook with very little boiling water until tender. Drain and press in colander. Chop finely, season with pepper and salt, and add a little butter.

SPINACH TIMBALES

Two cups cooked spinach, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped eschalot, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise or white sauce, tablespoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg. Combine all ingredients, adding stiffly-beaten egg-white last. Bake in small, well-greased and crumbed timbale moulds in a hot oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

VEGETABLE MARROW WITH CHEESE AND CAPER SAUCE

Two pounds vegetable marrow, 1 pint milk, 1½ dessertspoons butter, 1½ dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons capers, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, paprika.

Peel marrow and cut into squares. Place on thickly-greased oven dish, keeping each cube separate. Brush with a little melted butter or dripping and bake in moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) until tender. Make a thick white sauce from butter, salt, flour, and milk, and add capers. Pour over marrow and sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated cheese and dust with paprika. Return to oven to lightly brown and glaze cheese. Serve as luncheon dish or dinner vegetable.

SQUASH

The small squash are most delicious fried. When boiled they lose their delicate flavor. Peel squash and slice thinly. Dip in beaten egg and seasoned crumbs and deep-fry a golden brown. Drain, serve as a luncheon dish with a cheese sauce or as a dinner vegetable.

CREAMED RADISHES

Three bunches radishes, 1½ dessertspoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons browned crumbs, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Wash radishes and cut off roots, leaving, if liked, about 1-inch of stem. Cook in a tightly-lidded pan with very small quantity of water until tender. Drain, measuring 1 cup of liquid and adding it to milk. Place radishes in buttered ovenproof dish, and pour over sauce made from butter, flour, salt, pepper, and milk. Sprinkle with crumbs and grated cheese and brown lightly. Serve hot with wafer toast triangles.

SWEET POTATOES

Sweet potatoes are pared and either boiled or baked as for white potatoes. They are particularly delicious if glazed with brown sugar and butter after cooking or creamed and combined with egg and either fried or browned in the oven. Creamed sweet potatoes combined with diced pineapple and made into fried or baked croquettes are a delicious accompaniment for veal or lamb.



Miss Precious Minutes

WHEN washing holland and cretonne add a handful of bran to each pint of cold water, simmer gently for half an hour, then strain and add one pint of cold water. The material will be both cleansed and stiffened by the bran-water.

TO sweeten rancid fat melt it as if for clarifying, then drop a piece of crisp brown toast into the melted fat and leave for five minutes. The bread absorbs the rancidity and the fat can then be used for any cooking.

TO make one egg go as far as two, beat up the yolk in half a cup of milk, then beat the white stiffly and stir the two into any mixture, batter, cakes, or pudding, where two eggs are required.

BOIL a double handful of camphor-laurel leaves in a quart of water, strain, and use it in an atomiser to spray the linen press and wardrobes. It will kill all insects.

SCORCH-MARKS on white linen may be removed by dabbing with peroxide of hydrogen. Then sponge with cold water and iron dry.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: When washing or cleaning a woollen garment like this ice-blue and brown Matita suit, look round the pockets with white darning wool. This will preserve the shape and can easily be drawn out later.

NEW TOAD IN A HOLE

One pound minced meat, 1 onion, meat or veg. extract, seasoning, 4oz. flour, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, pinch of salt, 5 or 6 medium-sized potatoes, tomato sauce.

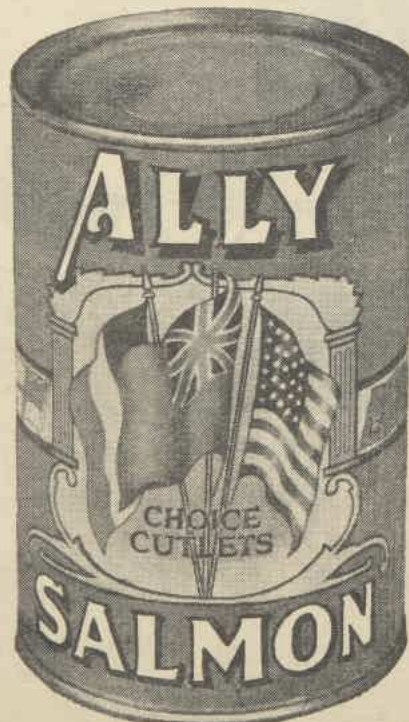
Make a Yorkshire pudding batter with the flour, salt, egg and milk. Lightly fry chopped onion in a little dripping, add and lightly fry meat, season with pepper and salt, moisten with 2 tablespoons gravy made with meat extract. Leave till cool. Peel and thinly slice the potatoes.

Well grease a 7½ in. cake tin, line bottom and sides with slices of potato. Spread mince over bottom lining, cover with a little of batter. Continue with a double layer of potatoes. Pour in rest of batter and bake in a hot oven just over 1 hour.

Turn out onto a hot plate, and reverse onto a hot dish. Serve hot tomato sauce with it.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY



IT'S FLAVOUR SEALED
In quarter, half and one pound tins

KEEP SMILING . . . KEEP FIT . . . Take Eno!



Whether you're in uniform or not, you owe it to yourself and the community in general to keep smiling during these strenuous days. This is impossible if you suffer from indigestion, biliousness, or sick headaches. A sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning will correct the acidity which is the cause of these ailments, and make sure that the system is thoroughly yet gently cleared of poisonous food waste. Get a bottle of Eno to-day.

Take only Eno because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood.

2/4 and 3/11 at chemists, stores and canteens.



ENO'S FRUIT SALT

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



STUFFED CABBAGE — an exciting-looking dish which tastes good, too. See recipe below.

water and cook for approximately the same time as for boiling.

2. Waterless Method: To cook vegetables by waterless method, use a pan with a heavy bottom and a tightly-fitting lid. Prepare vegetables in usual way; slice such vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, shredded cabbage, and break cauliflower into flowerets. Pour into pan just enough boiling water to cover bottom, about 1-inch deep. Place in vegetables, seasoning lightly. Place on tightly-fitting lid. Place over gentle heat and cook for 15 to 30 minutes, according to age and toughness of vegetables. There is little or no draining required, and so flavor and food value of vegetables are retained.

3. Casserole Steaming: All types of green and root vegetables may be cooked in the casserole in the oven with other courses of a menu. Vegetables cooked in this way are full of flavor and good color. Prepare in usual way, slice root vegetables, shredded greens. Grease casserole, including inner side of lid. Place in vegetables and sprinkle lightly with salt and sugar. Pour in boiling water to cover bottom to about one inch in depth. Cover and place in oven. Time for cooking depends on temperature of oven. — In hot oven (over 400 deg. F.) vegetables will cook in 25 to 35 minutes, according to age. — In moderate oven (325-375 deg. F.), vegetables will take 45 minutes to one hour.

STUFFED CABBAGE

One nice firm cabbage, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 small chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon beef or bacon dripping, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Fry onion in melted fat, add flour and then meat, sauces, and salt and pepper. Cook until meat changes color, and then add beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Remove hard stem and faded leaves from cabbage, hollow out centre and scald with boiling water. Chop centre cabbage finely and add to meat mixture. Pack meat mixture firmly into hollowed cabbage and tie in parchment paper or a pudding-cloth. Place 1½ cups of water and 1 tablespoon good beef dripping in a large saucepan and place in cabbage, bringing quickly to the boil. Cover pan with tightly-fitting lid and simmer for 45 minutes. Serve cut in wedges with a well-flavored brown sauce.

More vegetable recipes on opposite page

Getting the BEST out of Vegetables

CAREFUL cooking preserves in vegetables their distinctive but frequently lost flavor. Thoughtful choice of accompaniments — sauces and butters — will turn an average vegetable into an entree fit for separate service on the menu. Three things are of outstanding importance in vegetable cookery: Prepare just before cooking, season during and not after cooking, and drain immediately the vegetable becomes tender.

MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

HERE are several excellent methods of cooking vegetables which are superior to the old boiling process.

1. In parchment: This paper can be bought in packets and is inexpensive. Used carefully it will last for many weeks.

When cooking vegetables in parchment there is no loss of the water-soluble vitamins and mineral salts. As well as preserving food value, this also preserves the natural flavor of vegetables.

Vegetables should be prepared as usual, seasoned lightly and tied securely in loose bundles in the parchment. Plunge in boiling

SERVE A ROSELLA SOUP DAILY



Like a shot I'm on my way.
Rosella Soup for lunch to-day.

A steaming delicious plateful of Rosella Tomato Soup — nourishing in tomato goodness, and one of the 14 double strength Rosella Soups. They include:

Vegetable, Celery, Asparagus, Scotch Broth, Pea, Mushroom Mutton Broth, Kidney, Oyster, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Oxtail, Game, Tomato.

Double Strength Soups
— twice as much from every can.



Quins are helping in the war effort THE FIVE little Dionne quintuplets take a great interest in preparing "ditty" bags for the Navy League of Canada, to be distributed among Canadian and British sailors on active service. Each bag contains mittens, socks, toilet articles, reading matter, and other comforts, and they are personally packed by the Quins. Left to right: Cecile, Annette, Emilie, Marie, Yvonne, and Dr. A. R. Dufour.

The Doctor Tells You What to do

ABOUT DIET FOR MIDDLE AGE

PATIENT: Doctor, I wonder if you would tell me what is a balanced diet for middle age? I feel that I am taking too many starchy and sugar-producing foods.

Doctor: A balanced diet (for any age) is one which is based on the foundation (or protective) foods—that is, milk, meat and fish, eggs, cheese, butter, fresh fruit and salad vegetables and wholemeal bread and cereals.

A diet based on these foods is said to be "balanced" because scientists have shown us that these foods between them supply our bodies with all the elements needed for healthy living, and in approximately the right proportions.

Thirty years ago it was generally believed that a satisfied appetite meant a fully-nourished man. To-day we know that to be wrong.

The right foods in the right proportions not only satisfy the appetite but also provide the human body with the right material for healthy living. If the right kinds of food are not eaten, serious health results may follow. The important point is that these serious results are not obvious at once, but may develop in years to come.

Every day you should base your diet on the foundation foods, and none should be omitted.

The average Australian diet contains far too big a proportion of starch and sugar. We eat too much of the white flour products. White flour, as we know it, has been so refined that it is almost entirely pure starch. Even if too much starch is in itself not directly harmful, it does do indirect harm by spoiling one's appetite for less refined and more valuable foods.

As a nation we also use too much sugar. This over-consumption of starchy and sweet foods has resulted in under-consumption of the more nutritious milk and fruit.

Every adult should include a pint of milk in his daily diet. Children and expectant mothers should have more.

Fresh fruit could be served more often as dessert, with advantage. Eat your lettuce as salad, with fresh tomatoes, shredded carrot, cheese and celery, or hard-boiled egg.

Ice cream, fresh orange juice, pineapple juice or other fresh fruit juices make nutritious beverages.

A balanced diet is essentially the same for all ages. There is no special diet for middle age or for old age—except in cases of actual disease, when your doctor will tell you what changes you should make.

Naturally as you grow older you should eat less food in keeping with the decrease in your activity.

After 35 you should reduce particularly those foods rich in starch and sugar and tend to depend more completely on the protective foods for your nourishment.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Post-natal exercises

MANY young mothers now realise the importance of exercise in the pre-natal period, and never miss their daily walk and conscientiously carry out the daily performance of the special pre-natal exercises they have been taught.

Many, however, do not realise the importance of carrying out simple bed exercises after baby has been born. These are now taught in most maternity hospitals, and as there is usually a flabbiness of the muscles of the abdominal wall after the stretching of the muscles during pregnancy and the sudden release of this tension after the birth of the baby they are most beneficial in toning up the muscles.

Not only do these post-natal exercises help the pelvic organs return to their correct positions and get the figure back to its original outline and even to better posture, but they help to ensure an adequate milk supply. Medical advice about these exercises should always be sought.

A leaflet describing these exercises has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

COMING... READY OR NOT! Games Won't Wait for Ailing Children

WHAT happens when other kiddies call your daughter out to play? Does she respond eagerly—happily—or does she need coaxing or encouragement?

If she is tired and indifferent—take care! It may be a sign that she needs a laxative. If such is the case, put her straight away on a short course of GENUINE LAXETTES. Almost overnight, you'll see a world of difference, for Laxettes are a sure remedy for constipation, and quickly restore the system to normal health and regularity.

Laxettes contain no harsh purgatives, no habit-forming drugs, no intestinal irritants. They're absolutely SAFE for children. Get a tin today... but make sure you get Genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO.,
185 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C-1



**Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with
Genuine LAXETTES**

STANDARD
TIN 17½
Trial Size 6½"



Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores

TRY A NEW HAIR-DO

... to lift up your spirits

● Don't let winter doldrums get you down . . . experiment with new ways to achieve a lovelier YOU. If your current coiffure bores you try one of the flattering new styles pictured on this page . . . one of them is sure to suit your type.

❖ By JANETTE ❖



IF you're the regal type with small, well-shaped head and cameo profile, copy the new coiffure of Maureen O'Hara, RKO star. The hair is swept back from the brow in graceful waves, and a heavy braid is set, coronet style, across the crown of the head.



THE pompadour style is favored by 20th Century-Fox starlet Marguerite Chapman. The front hair is brushed softly up and back from the forehead, and the back hair is loosely curled.



LINDA DARNELL from 20th Century-Fox enhances her youthful charm with glossy, lightly waved hair, brushed back from the face. For evenings she adds a clump of daisies.



ANOTHER pompadour with side rolls and back hair left loose. Worn by Rosalind Russell, Universal.



RKO star Lucille Ball shows a new version of the page-boy coiffure, a soft roll at the back and a crown of ringlets.

NEW Lipstick Economy

... PAUL DUVAL REFILLS IN THE SMART "CRADLE" CARTON SAVE MONEY AND METALS



AN ALL-BRITISH PRODUCT

Yes — buying Paul Duval Refills in the smart red, white and blue carton will almost halve your lipsticks costs and also help to conserve valuable metal supplies. Refills are now obtainable for your favourite Paul Duval lipstick — Scarlet Pimpernel, Cockade, Vintage, Mayfair Pink or the exciting new Grenadier Red.

REFILLS . . . 1/9, 2/9 AND 3/9



paul duval


PERSONALISED COSMETICS ARE NOW AVAILABLE AT . . .

ALL CHEMISTS AND EXCLUSIVE STORES

Including: David Jones Ltd., Sydney . . . Anthony Hordern's Ltd., Sydney . . . The Paul Duval Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney . . . Finney Isles & Co. Ltd., Brisbane . . . The Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne . . . John Martin & Co. Ltd., Adelaide . . . The Myer Emporium Ltd., Adelaide . . . Charles Moore & Co., Adelaide . . . Bouns Ltd., Perth . . . Brownells Ltd., Hobart.

Olive Oil

is the secret of All Over Loveliness!



The special combination of olive and palm oils blended in Palmolive soap gives the skin a gentle oil massage every time you have a bath. Palmolive's smooth, creamy lather makes your skin absolutely clean, removing all dust and impurities. Make Palmolive your daily beauty habit and watch your skin grow smoother and softer *all-over*.

Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Sunday night at 7 o'clock on 2GB, 2KA, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2LM, 2WL, 3AW, 3SH, 3HA, 3TR, 4BH, 4GR, 4AY, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 7BU; at 9 o'clock on 5DN, 5RM; at 7.30 on 6PR, 6TZ; Wednesday night at 8.30 on 4RO, 3SR.

INDIVIDUAL FURNISHING... for a lovely effect



LOUNGE and quaint, old-fashioned chair covered with bright chintz and huge mirror to create illusion of spaciousness. (Above.) And a stair alcove made gay with glass shelves and pottery vases and framed with yellow curtains. (Top right.)



Do not be led by conventional ideas about what is right in furnishings, or endeavor to fill your rooms with everything you think they ought to contain. Nowadays practically every family is living on a budget, but don't let that depress you, and above all don't let economy reflect itself in a drab and unattractive home. Here is some helpful advice for clever bugeteers.

THE current times are a challenge to your own cleverness, and remember it is very often the most inexpensive little touches that go towards making the home beautiful.

By all means be thrifty in your furnishings, but you can have such fun planning clever schemes that will cost practically nothing, yet will make a world of difference to your home.

Out of a series of interiors you can build up a home which will reflect your own proper tastes and personality... a home that is truly yours, and not a replica of a thousand other set-schemes of furnishing.

Thus it seems wiser spending to limit your initial demands to absolute essentials and to get for your money a few good individual pieces that will be a joy for years, rather than a house full of shoddy stuff that will quickly lose its alluring superficial charm.

Make a list of the things you cannot possibly do without, testing each item conscientiously to make sure that you include nothing you could do without; articles which are going to justify their place in the home by serviceableness.

You do not, for instance, necessarily need in your bedroom an imposing mirrored dressing-table. Put the money instead into a good-looking chest, a handsome bed and good mattress, and for dressing-table use a little table, or even a ledge affixed to the wall, with a wall-mirror above it; that will be cheaper, will take up less space, and will look quite charming.

If your living-room is also your dining-room, you will not want to clutter it up with a bulky sideboard. A cupboard fitted beside the fireplace or forming with bookshelves a composite unit will serve.



ANN SHIRLEY, RKO star, shows how to get a lot of charm for a little money. The attractive wood floors are stained to match the early American furniture, and the huge window is gay with polplants.

Nor will you want a heavy dining-table taking up space; get a good light table. You will want two easy chairs and two or three smaller chairs which need not necessarily be all of a kind, for if each individually is of good form they will combine harmoniously and provide an attractive note of diversity.

Planning in this way you will not only get the best for your money; you will be more likely to escape the danger of

elegance that can never be achieved in one stuffed with things.

And then, once you have all the necessary things for living, you can, as the years go by, add to that severe initial scheme other pieces picked up here and there and chosen because they fit into the well-planned interiors gracefully.

Do your searching diligently. There is always a chance of finding a prize in a junk shop: a chest that merely needs polishing, a shapely, sound chair-frame that only needs re-covering to serve well and graciously, things that, being still serviceable though old, have given proof of the quality of their material and workmanship.

And new furniture should be tested carefully to make sure that it is similarly sound. Be suspicious of applied ornament: it is often used to conceal defects. Plain things in which no frills have been used in an effort to impress have to rely on fine material, good design, and good craftsmanship for their effect.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the cumulative method is that your furniture, being good, will last, will, indeed, improve with age. You will be glad in a few years that you did not yield to the temptation to take the easy way and to clutter up your place with cheap things wearing the false shine of elegance.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

having your place overstocked. It is improbable that you will have very many, or very large, rooms, and it is very easy to overstock when furnishing according to preconceived notions of what is right, instead of according to a plan carefully drawn up with actual needs in mind.

It is better to have too little furniture than too much; a home furnished with a few things, and those good and comely, has an air of spacious

PLAN YOUR FLOWER BUYING

ARRANGE chrysanthemums in a large pottery jar and do it this way: Half fill the jar with crushed tissue paper or fine-meshed wire—so that they will stand up—and place the tallest bloom at the back and two shorter ones at either side.

Wall-brackets cry out for trailing things—scarlet virginia creeper or sprays of berries. There are heaps of autumn vines which can be arranged in a wall-bracket.

If you have a shallow bowl, fill with asters, daisies, and creepers.

DYNAMEL MAGIC



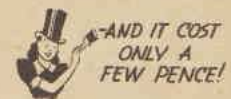
OLD CHAIR.



NEW CHAIR!



DYNAMEL!



AND IT COST ONLY A FEW PENCE!

Just a few pence!—That's all it costs to make your old kitchen chair look like new! Your one tin of Dynamel does so many jobs that the cost of each is amazingly low. Dynamel is better than enamel. Goes twice as far. Dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. Anyone can do a good job with Taubman's Dynamel. Choose from thirty lovelier colours on the Dynamel Colour Card at paint stores everywhere.

If you have any home decoration problems at all, then just write to Anne Stewart, our famous expert on Home Decoration at 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.



MORLEY "VELNIT" Underwear

"Velnit"—Morley's exclusive new wonder fabric, has the softness and absorbency of wool, the lightness of cotton, and the smoothness of silk. Yet it is entirely different from either ordinary wool, cotton, or silk. "Velnit" is ideal for sensitive skins.

- Ideal for every occasion
- Soft and luxurious
- Absorbent yet non-irritating
- Exceptionally hygienic
- Unshrinkable and durable

ASK FOR MORLEY'S "VELNIT" AT ALL LEADING STORES



Bushells •